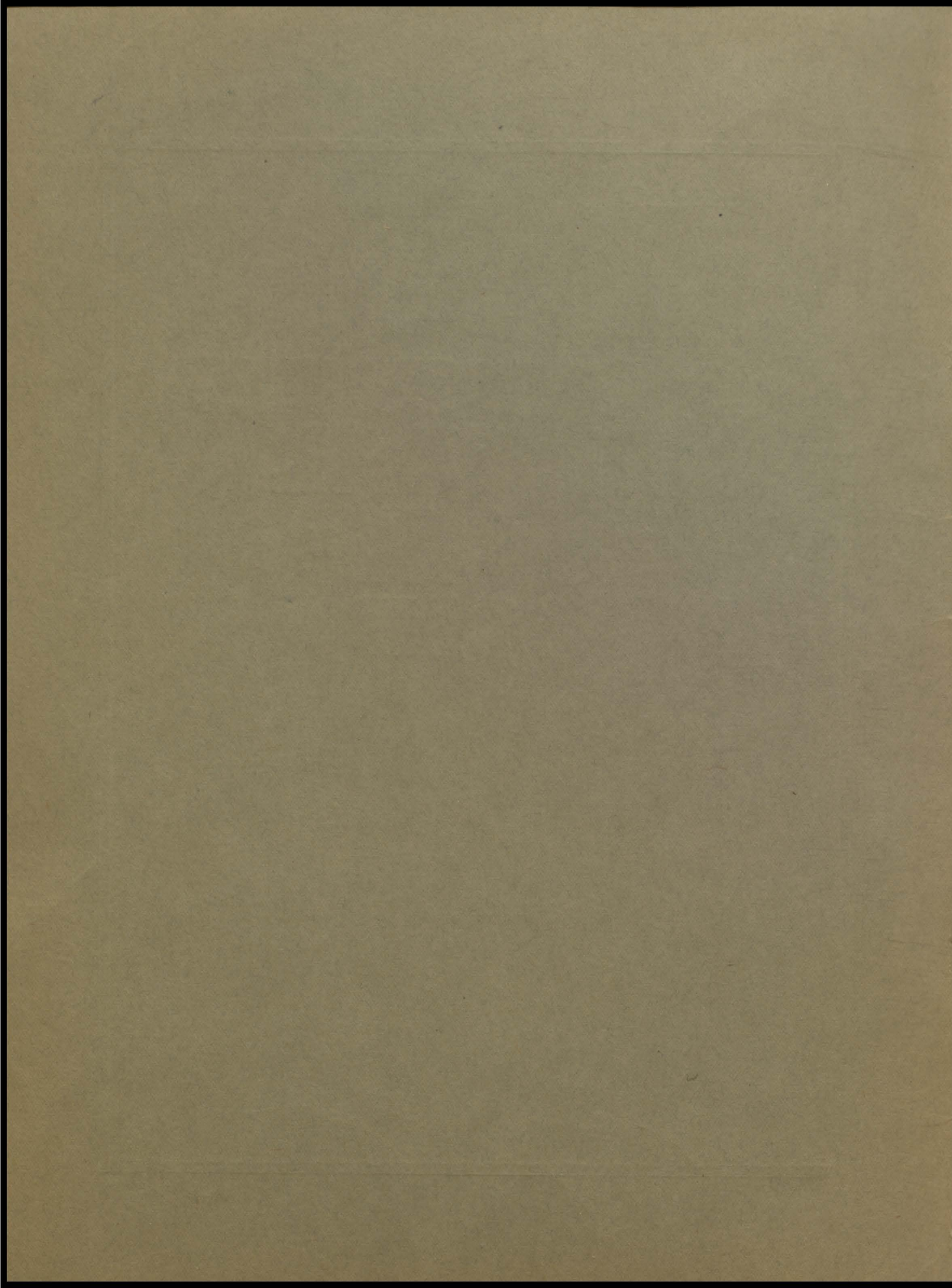


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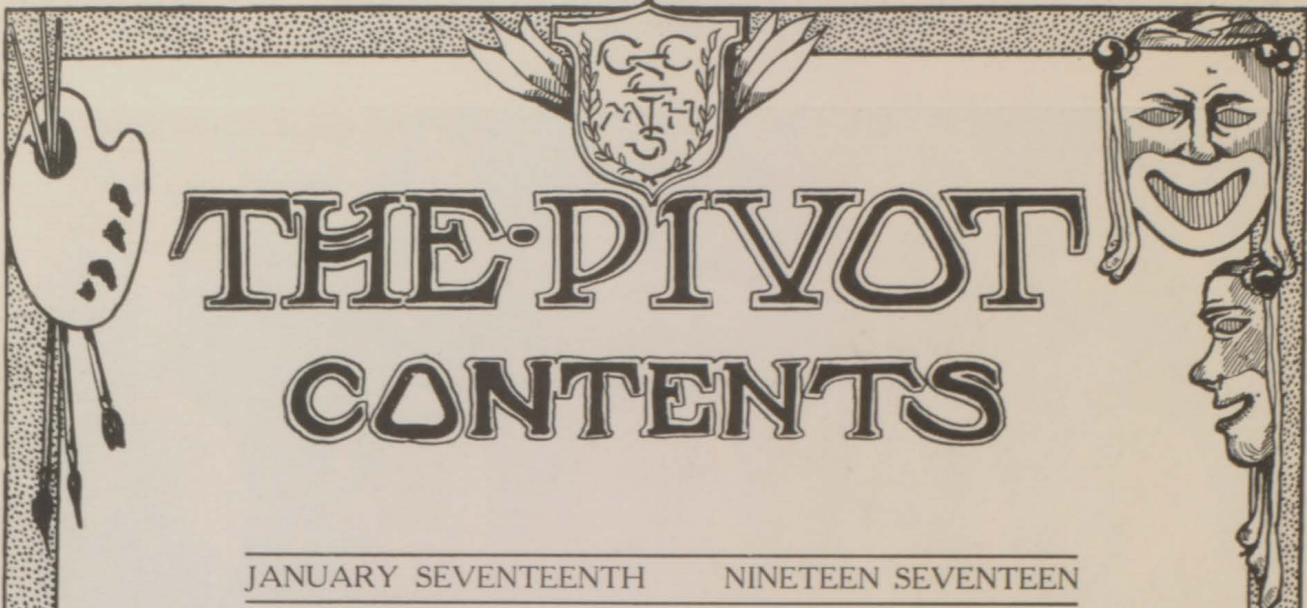
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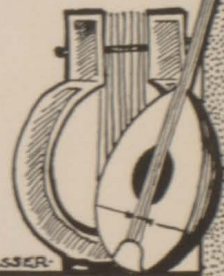


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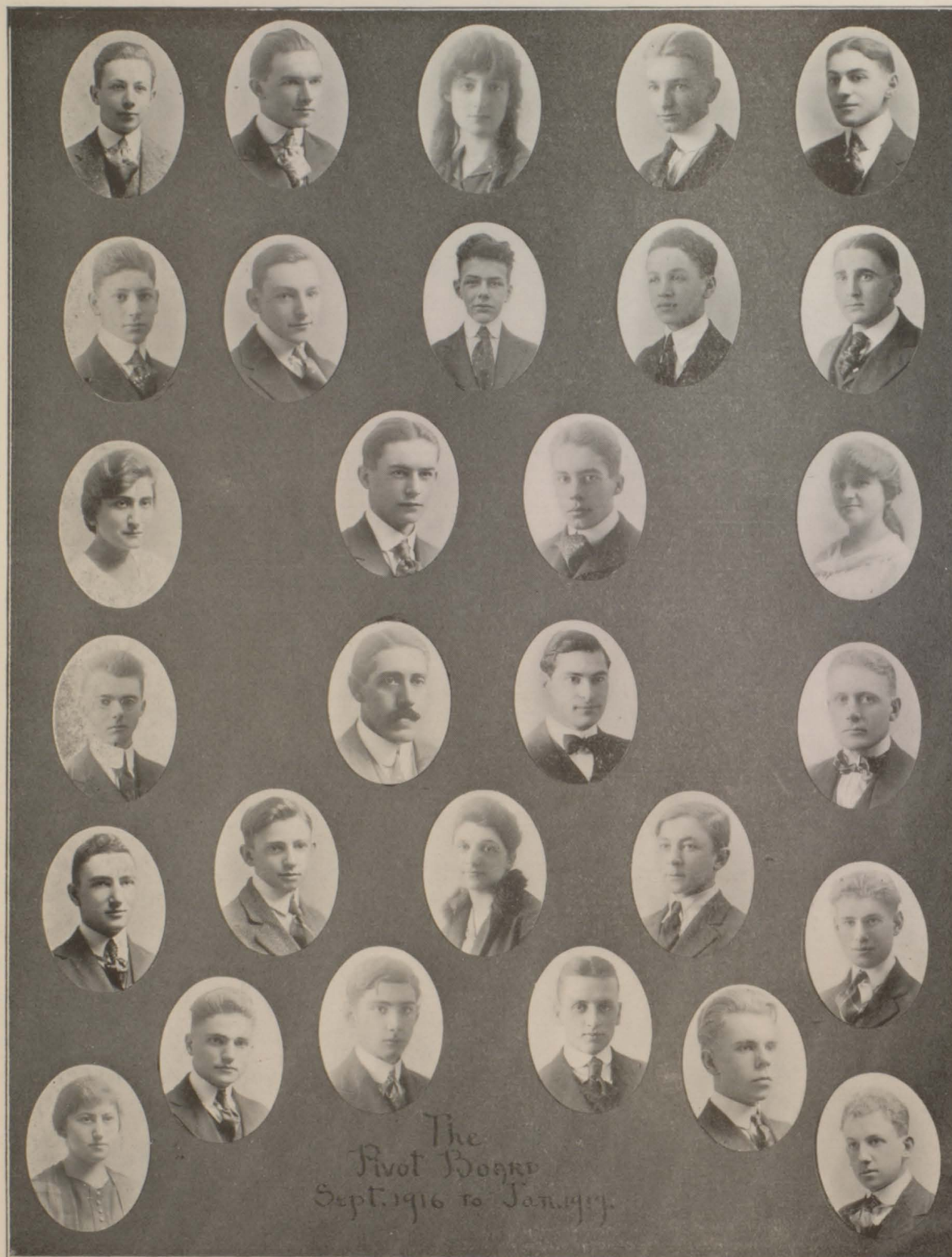
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THE PIVOT

CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL, NEWARK, N. J.

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VOL. X JANUARY, 1917 NO. 5

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EDITORIALS

SIMPLE GRADUATION EXERCISES.

In an age when every move made from one end of the year to the other has been cut down to the least possible number of motions and when everything is done in the shortest time compatible with efficiency, school graduates, their parents and friends are caused to suffer twice a year at every graduation ceremony for from two to three hours, while a long list of speakers unload their opinions.

What is more, graduation comes at that time of the year when all those students participating need their time most for study, and yet it must be taken from their study hours for drawn-out rehearsals of one kind or another.

Class day, which was, as a rule, a pleasure to those taking part, was abolished for that same reason, yet few are bold enough to take a stand to prevent the same tortures at graduation.

The occasion is solemn enough as it is, and since every student realizes what leaving school means to him, there is no further need of driving the point home.

Rather, an unconventional meeting, with absolutely no preparation, and no formal exercises, should be held on a certain date, when the diplomas, the granting of which is the only really important part of the occasion, should be presented. The more graduations one attends, the more one sees the need for simplicity. Last year's commencement at Central was commendably shortened. It is hoped that in the future graduation exercises will be reduced to the simplest terms in accord with the dignity of the occasion.

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A SELF-EVIDENT DUTY

"Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy." A very good bit of advice indeed, for it dresses every one of us who follows it in the very best habit he can afford, without placing too great a drain on our often too-slim pocketbooks. The need of today is not so much style as becomingness, neatness and good taste. Indeed, instead of style, THE PIVOT would substitute individuality, which may dictate the same as the fashions or not, all according to the tastes of the wearer, while the person who merely dresses to be in style immediately puts himself on a level with the most mediocre run of people. But the most important thing of all is that those clothes which we may have kept in the best of condition, always clean, well pressed, and, in the case of shoes, well polished. Nothing is more disgusting than linen worn till it is soiled, a rip or a missing button, or unpressed skirt or trousers.

Your clothing is what makes that important "first impression," and it is to your advantage to look your very best. Further, one's efficiency is badly impaired by the knowledge that even one little detail of apparel is not just as it should be. Last, and equally important, is the fact that it is everyone's duty to make his fellow-creatures contented by being neatly and sensibly dressed—by wearing clothes that are at once practical and refined.

GRIT

Mr. 1B, have you any grit in your system? Or are you a quitter? Do you quit work when you get a six? When you entered high school you probably found the work much harder than it was when you attended grammar school. High school work is more difficult, and the system is entirely different. It has taken you a few months to become accustomed to your new environment.

Even if your marks have been lower the first few months than you thought they would be, don't give up. Stick it out. Statistics show that the greatest number of students leave high school during their first or second year. This is because they haven't the grit to fight to the finish. A six on your card should be an incentive to do better work, not a reason for giving up, with the excuse that it is too hard for you. Don't give up without a fight. Don't allow yourself to be drawn into the abyss of discouragement. Whenever you start a new job, you will find it hard at first to get accustomed to your surroundings. Don't allow a bad start to discourage you. The world hates a quitter. Show your grit!

SUGGESTIONS

[This department of THE PIVOT is for the benefit of everyone in the school, and teachers as well as

pupils are invited to drop their suggestions in THE PIVOT box.]

For the most part, the walls of the rooms about the school are destitute of any decorations whatsoever. It is the opinion of THE PIVOT that the rooms would be much more congenial by the hanging of pictures or framed mottoes—none of the God-Bless-Our-Happy-Home kind, but well chosen ones that would keep the students thinking all the time. These might easily be purchased by means of class collections. Even charity would not come amiss, if someone wished to donate a really decorative bit of art for the benefit of the hundreds who use each room daily. No matter by what means, let us have pictures, and let them be good ones.

USE AND ABUSE

It would be well if notices were distributed about the school explaining the proper use of corridors. These would probably tell us that corridors are a means to an end, and not an end in themselves. Corridors were made in order that we may get some place, and not to linger about in, exchanging useless small talk and gossip. It is not a pleasant sight to see students lounging about the doors and other parts of the corridors, as if they had nothing to do and no place to go. It should not happen in a school attended by earnest students. Let us be business-like in school and brisk and energetic habits will be our heritage in the business world.

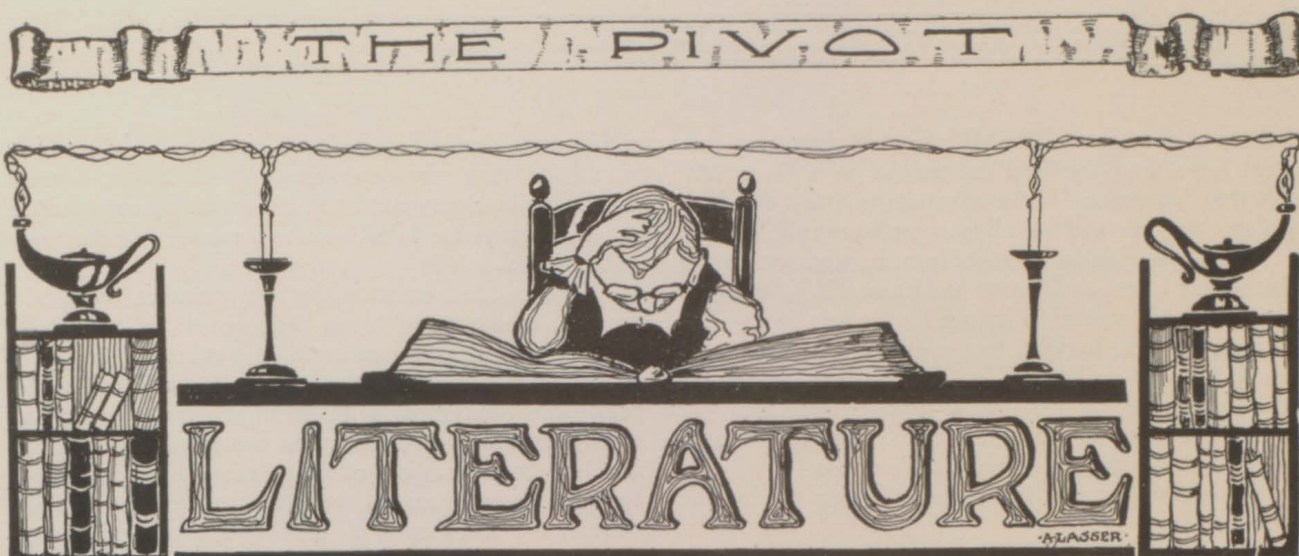
A WORTH-WHILE RECREATION

When the busy principal of a busy school manages to obtain for the pupils the pleasure of a musical program almost weekly, it is a matter worthy of notice and appreciation. That is just what we have to thank Mr. Wiener for. As one of our visitors remarked, it is impossible to go away from one of these entertainments without feeling refreshed in mind and spirit. Much praise is also due to Mr. Smith, who renders the occasions so interesting and profitable. We hope they will be continued, as the time given to them is as well spent as that spent racking our brains over exact sciences.

AN APPRECIATION

The members of the class of January, 1917, express their heartiest appreciation of the kind assistance of their faculty adviser, Mr. Henry M. Goldstein, who has delivered them from many a difficulty during their senior year.

Having completed its work to the best of its ability, THE PIVOT board extends to its readers an appreciative "Thank you!" and makes ready to turn over the reins of control to its successor, the eleventh PIVOT staff, with best wishes for a most successful term.



Cards and Cups

By VICTOR DEWEY WOODRUFF

NO limit."
 "What?"
 "You heard me, Scott. The others are out of it. Are you crawling just because you lost a little more than usual tonight?" The speaker made no attempt to veil the sneer that crept into his voice near the end.

Disregarding the other's overt taunt, Scott answered, "I'll raise you fifty on that, De Forrest." The slight tremor in his voice caused action on the part of one of the three who had withdrawn from the game.

"I say, Layton," he demurred, turning to De Forrest, "this is going a bit too far! You remember when we organized the Clandestine Club the limit was placed at twenty-five and has never been raised since. Besides, Don has lost enough for one night and it's after one. If 'Skeets' Murray should see a light in here at this hour there'll be the devil to pay. What do you say? Let's call it off for tonight and throw those hands away."

The other two, who had stood back aghast as the stakes had leaped to fifty, to a hundred, and then one hundred and fifty, nodded vigorous assents.

"What do you say, Don?" asked one.

"It's up to him," replied the other, indicating De Forrest.

"You three are out of this," said De Forrest, harshly, "and I'm going to finish this hand. And as for you, Lamont, I don't care whether the Dean catches us or not. I'm through after tonight. I'll go you fifty more, Don. Come on, be a sport; make it an even two hundred and I'll call your hand."

Lamont's face blanched with anger at the tone and import of De Forrest's words.

"Make it two hundred," replied Scott, doggedly. "Now, what have you got?" and he flung his cards, four kings, upon the table.

A wave of relief swept over the faces of his three

friends as he swept the cards out.

"De Forrest must have a literal something up his sleeve to be able to raise against that hand," remarked Lamont to Al Longstreth and Eddie Richardson.

A sardonic grin overspread De Forrest's face as he heard Lamont's remark.

"There is but one hand that can beat a straight flush," he said; "and that's a royal flush, and there it is." With that he laid his five cards upon the table and they told their own tale. De Forrest had won.

The hectic flush died out of Don Scott's cheek and a pallor overspread his clear-cut profile. There was a listless droop to his shoulders as he arose, a bit unsteadily.

"That finishes me," he muttered to himself.

His three friends looked at him sympathetically. It was common gossip about Andover "Prep" that Don Scott's propensity for gambling had incurred the violent displeasure of his millionaire father, who had lately declared that if any more of his son's gambling debts were sent to him it would result in his removal from school.

De Forrest made no bones over his dislike for Scott. Ever since the Westerner had deposed him as the athletic idol of the school the former had endeavored to make things as unpleasant as possible for the youthful half-miler.

De Forrest, rather than be beaten by a young "cub," as he derisively called Scott, sullenly quit the cinder-path, giving as a pretext superabundance of studies.

When Kenneth Lamont, with Longstreth and Richardson, had sought to form a poker club to beguile the leaden hours of joyless New England nights, they had not sought to enlist as a member Layton De Forrest. But the latter had pleaded so eagerly that it would have been a breach of good-fellowship to bar him.

Don Scott had merely tried the game as an idle pastime, but its fascination soon made him one of its

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most rabid devotees. Like all beginners, he was a consistent loser, and this had culminated in a "blowup" with the "governor." As a result he was forbidden to play the game and his allowances were split in half.

Tonight, unable to resist its lure, he had sought the Clandestine Club, as Lamont had named it. Not much persuasion was needed to induce him to join in a game. De Forrest, until tonight, had succeeded admirably in hiding his pent-up hatred for Don Scott, but as the latter kept losing he was unable to keep from gloating.

"How much are you out, Don?" queried Richardson, as the players pushed back their chairs.

"Four hundred and ten dollars," came the laconic response.

The questioner whistled.

"It might have been worse," put in De Forrest. "Oh, by the way, Scott, could you oblige me with that two hundred? I want to be going."

Without looking up, Scott said "I haven't got it."

The others looked at him askance.

"Aha, so you were betting on your nerve," sneered De Forrest. "But then," he continued, in a careless sort of manner, that surprised the others, "your I. O. U. will do just as well. You can pay me any time. I'm not in a hurry for it?"

"I wonder what's happened to make that fellow so generous all of a sudden," communed Lamont to himself. "There must be something behind that."

Surprised at the matter-of-fact way in which De Forrest had passed off his violation of the rules of the club, Don hastily scribbled out his note, and said:

"I'd never have ventured to risk it, but, you see, I didn't think that hand could be beaten and I thought I was playing safe all the way through."

"Oh, that's nothing," the other hastened to assure him, smoothly; "I would have done the same thing myself under those circumstances. It was a hundred-to-one shot that you'd win—but you lost. A bit of hard luck, that's all. Forget about it. When you get some change come around and see me."

Scott passed him the note and De Forrest carefully placed it in his wallet and prepared to take his departure. As he reached the door he paused and, turning, said: "Well, good night, fellows, and pleasant dreams." The last words were meant for Scott, who was staring moodily at the upturned cards. Lamont was the only one who caught their double significance and the malevolent glare which De Forrest levelled at the unseeing Scott. Then the latter went out.

After his departure Lamont made haste to obliterate all signs of the night's activities. The four roomed in the same building and it was but a short time after De Forrest left that the four were asleep in their beds.

Scott roomed next to Lamont and Richardson; Longstreth was across the corridor. The former's thoughts before sleep were a strange co-mixture of sorrow and anger.

He bitterly arraigned himself because his developed

penchant for gambling had led him into a debt which would be very embarrassing to meet if De Forrest should demand payment. If his father by any chance should hear of his latest break, his career at Andover was finished.

"Layton De Forrest is the last person in the world whom I ever wanted to be beholden to," he thought, and then dropped off to troubled slumber.

A week later came the biggest track meet of the year—the dual meet with Phillips Exeter. Intense rivalry caused each event to be contested fiercely, and as Don Scott romped off with the quarter-mile and half-mile runs in record time, the deafening acclamations of the vast throng of under-graduates and spectators gladdened his spirit.

Don had his eyes fixed on a spot of white, away up in the grandstand. Eleda Rossalind had come all the way from New York to see him run.

He had no eyes for a figure that sat crouched back in a near-by seat. Layton De Forrest bit his lips vindictively as Scott breasted the tape in the half-mile. He alone took no part in the cheering as the Andover section rose en masse at Scott's record-breaking run.

For two years De Forrest had been the recipient of these hoarse cheers. Now, he was forgotten. It was unbearable. He rose and elbowed his way through the happy throng. Their gayety but added to his hatred of Scott. "Tonight is the time," he muttered, and strode out from the park.

Lamont, ever watchful, was the only one to see the actions of De Forrest and he mentally resolved to keep his eye on him.

With Eleda and her father seen off on the New York Express, Scott's happy frame of mind vanished. A sort of premonition seized him. That note for the two hundred weighed heavily on his shoulders.

He returned thoughtfully across the campus to his room just as Lamont entered next door.

The riotous celebration of their overwhelming victory over Phillips Exeter was at its height. Bonfires dotted all parts of the campus and myriads of sparks shot toward the darkened sky.

Somewhat cheered, Scott walked to the dormitory window to look out at the merry-making.

There came a slight knock at his door. Turning quickly, he said: "Come in." In walked De Forrest.

There was no greeting. Each knew what was in the other's mind.

"Well, I'm here," began De Forrest.

"I expected you," said Scott quietly.

De Forrest looked taken aback, but continued ironically: "Your sapience seems to be infallible. I won't take your time, though. I guess you know what I'm here for. I need that two hundred. You see," he went on suavely, "unexpected contingency—"

"Oh, never mind that stuff," broke in Scott. "The truth is, De Forrest, that I expected you'd give me at least two weeks to raise that money. At present I'm

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broke. The governor refuses to send any more until the first of the month. Frankly, I can't pay you."

De Forrest's truculent countenance became still more forbidding, as with unbridled malice he said:

"So that's the way it stands. The governor's wise to his son's antics and closes down on the money bags. However, I want that money, and there's only one thing which will save you from being fired out of college, both by your father and the ignominy of your position as a bluffer, if I choose to divulge. This is the proposition." His eyes refused to meet the unwavering look of Scott as he continued.

"Scott, I want those two cups which you won today."

Had a thunderbolt struck him Scott could not have been more dazed.

He turned alternately hot and cold and involuntarily made as if to spring at De Forrest's throat.

That anyone could stoop to so low an act was incomprehensible to him. He meant to show this cur how such a fellow should be treated.

At the change which he had wrought in the other's bearing, De Forrest stepped toward the door. His ashen face showed the fear in which he held Scott in his present mood.

"You dog," ground out Scott, "you come to me with that vile offer. Get out of my room before I throw you out."

Shaking like an aspen leaf, the other hastened to comply, but, with his hand on the door, he essayed a parting shot.

"Remember, Scott, it means the end of your college career. It means your finish at Andover. What are two cups to you? No one will be the wiser. I want them because I promised to bring back to my folks the two trophies which you won and which I was supposed to have won. They don't know I've quit the game. My father was a track star. If he knows I've failed he'll be heart-broken. What do you say? You'll never miss them."

Scott hesitated. His father's threat to withdraw him from college seemed distant and dim. That De Forrest would expose him he had no doubt. He formulated a plan of action. Why not exchange his two trophies for the slip of paper. If De Forrest's tale was true, he was in no danger. At any rate, forestalling De Forrest would give him some respite in which he could raise money enough to redeem the cups. They would be only out of his hands a few days at the most, or even a few hours.

If De Forrest had conceived a plot to do him further harm it was unfathomable to him. His story was logical.

Should he give up his college career rather than stretch his principles for a short time? It would not besmirch his athlete standing.

Eager to carry his point, De Forrest burst unceremoniously into his train of thought.

"There's no alternative. You accept or you're through for good."

Scott determined to risk everything on one stroke.

"All right," he said. "Remain here and I'll get the cups." Without further ado he grabbed his hat and coat and bolted through the door.

Breathing more easily, De Forrest sat down weakly in a chair and lighted a cigarette with a trembling hand.

Synchronously, in the adjoining room Bruce Lamont arose from his cramped position at the keyhole of the connecting door and flung himself on the bed.

"That of all things. I never would have believed it of Don Scott," he groaned. "What can have happened to him?" As he began thinking more rationally the thought came to him that Scott was playing a game deeper than De Forrest's. Lamont never for a moment entertained the thought that De Forrest's story was true. He knew that De Forrest's departing look the night of the poker game boded no good to Scott.

On their way to Scott's room after the hilarious celebration, Longstreth and Richardson stopped to pick up Lamont in his room. His grave face convinced them that something was badly wrong. He did not respond to their good-natured raillery, but sat with unseeing eyes on the floor.

Should he take these two into his confidence? Could they be trusted? He knew the transfer of the cups did not end the little drama being enacted in the other room. It would be well to have two such staunch admirers of Scott on his side. Lamont's reticence only served to accentuate his two friends' curiosity. Lamont decided to tell them everything, and he did.

Luckily for De Forrest's mind Richardson's and Longstreth's anathemas and execrations did not reach his ears.

"Go easy, fellows," whispered Lamont. "He's in there yet," pointing to the next room. "We'll stay here and await developments."

Scott's promise to get the two cups was in itself a hazardous undertaking. With a score of others, the trophies rested on a case in the Dean's inner office, ready to be presented after chapel exercises on the morrow. Scott kept in the shadow of the clustered buildings and reached the office of the Dean. It was the work of a moment to find a window carelessly left open by the absent-minded professor. With a twinge of mental torture, he selected his two hard-earned prizes, and carefully closing the window he retraced his steps to the dormitory.

De Forrest had not moved.

A complacent smirch overspread his callow features as Scott re-entered with the trophies.

Scott eyed him repellantly, loathingly, as if he were near a snake. He said:

"Here are the cups; now give me that I. O. U."

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De Forrest handed him the slip of paper and answered:

"You needn't be so surly about it, Scott. A fair trade is no robbery. You have the better of the deal. You ought to throw in a few medals to boot."

This was too much for Scott, who cried:

"Get out, damn you, before I kill you!"

De Forrest "got out" in a hurry.

Lamont, Longstreth and Richardson were interested auditors of the conversation.

When De Forrest left Scott's room, Lamont whispered excitedly, "We'll follow him. I think I know just what his game is."

The three stealthily descended the stairs after De Forrest. The latter struck out across the campus toward the residences of the faculty. In his wake they followed. De Forrest wended his way in and out through the buildings until he reached the residence of "Skeets" Murray, the Dean.

There was a ring of anger in Lamont's voice as he spoke to the others.

"The unspeakable cad! Just what I thought. He's gone to inform the Dean. Scott will be declared a professional tomorrow for selling his prizes. That disgrace is a thousand times worse than the one he evaded. Fellows, we can't let De Forrest get away with that. He's got the cups, that's conclusive evidence that Scott asked for them before tomorrow and then sold them to him. We can't inform the Dean of the truth of the affair, because we'll all get fired out for gambling. Think, will you? Think! We've got to do something. We can't let Don go under like that."

De Forrest had reached the residence of the Dean. It was after ten, but the latter was still up and the trio saw De Forrest admitted.

The three were in a panic. Something had to be done and done quickly if they were to avert the worst scandal ever perpetrated at Andover.

"Poor Don," murmured Longstreth. "It looks as if it's all up with him."

Lamont was plainly nonplused. It seemed as if Scott must take his medicine. Then suddenly his face lighted in a bright smile.

"We'll fool him yet," he almost shouted in an ecstasy of joy, and, with that, he outlined his plan to the others. The magnitude of its scope astounded them.

"It's big," said Lamont; "but it's the only way out. Are you with me, or shall I go it alone?"

The two chorused their eager support and they fairly raced across the selfsame path which Scott had taken but a short while before.

They found the same window as did the first intruder. By the moon's rays they sighted the pile of trophies in the center of the room. They stood as if awed. "I hate to do it," said Lamont, "but it's got to be done. Come on, take an armful." Lamont had

unearthed a bag on the way across and the trophies were carefully placed in it.

"There will be some terrible howls when this is found out in the morning," whispered Richardson, as the three made their exit, leaving the window half open.

They returned unseen to Lamont's room, where the latter took the bag and buried it in a long unused trunk, where no one would ever be likely to hunt.

De Forrest had stated his case well—so well that ruin and disgrace awaited Don Scott on the morrow.

"Skeets" Murray's ideas of honor were rigid. That De Forrest's disclosures affected a boy whom he liked very much personally did not alter the Dean's determination one whit to carry out the steps which his code demanded. On De Forrest leaving, Murray said:

"This is the most serious charge ever preferred against an Andover athlete. I do not know what to make of it. It seems impossible that such a fellow as Scott should stoop to such a thing. Still, the evidence is indisputable and I shall attend to it in the morning."

Scott slept away, all unthinking of the skein set to enmesh him.

De Forrest proceeded to his room, where he rested serenely in the knowledge of Scott's disgrace the next day.

The next day's events followed in trip-hammer order. One of the final tableaux was set in Dean Murray's office.

A messenger came to De Forrest's room with a peremptory command to report to Dean Murray at the office immediately. Worried beyond an extreme which he did not care to show, De Forrest hastened to the Dean's office.

As he entered the sanctum of Andover's headmaster a sense of calamity brooded over him. Murray turned and began in a sarcastic tone, which fairly shriveled the other:

"De Forrest, I gave you more credit than to try to 'put over' anything like this. Why, a two-year-old baby would know enough not to try anything as thin as this little nightmare of your fancy."

De Forrest endeavored to interrupt, but with a gesture of contempt Murray stilled him.

"May I ask what you have done with the other trophies? You are just a common thief. Did you think that I was brainless enough to believe your tale after what I've seen this morning? If you return the cups, I promise immunity; but if not, you're through at Andover."

"A thief," sputtered De Forrest, indignantly. "What do you accuse me of?"

Murray's sarcasm became more vitriolic.

"The game's up, De Forrest. I have no sympathy for a common thief and also a perjurer. I gave some credence to your tale last night, but when I entered here this morning, found the window open and the twelve cups taken, I needed no further confirmation

that your story was a base fabrication of lies to ruin Scott. I'll give you an hour to return the cups. If in that time they are not forthcoming, your connections with this campus are broken. I want nothing from you. Go. It is enough that one of my students should do anything as unbelievable as this. I have no more to say."

De Forrest turned abjectly away from that adamant countenance. He saw not the faintest ray of hope in it. He had been tricked! Some unseen forces had worked against him. Murray believed that he had stolen the cups and had concocted a plot to disgrace Scott. He cursed the folly that entangled him in his own trap. He had been outwitted. There was nothing to do but follow the path which he had allotted for Scott.

An hour later, without a farewell to anyone, Layton De Forrest slunk out from the campus to the railroad station. He never knew who it was that convicted him. His evil plans had brought nothing but his own downfall.

"Skeets" Murray never divulged the story which he believed was the true one of the robbery and he never knew that each of the cups found its rightful owner, since everyone was pledged to secrecy. He returned the two cups to Scott without any explanation.

Scott's gratitude to his three friends for their act was boundless.

He could only say:

"I've learned my lesson. No more gambling for mine."

The Wanderings of a Central Senior

PAUL MOFFITT—CLASS PROPHET

As the sun was going down over the Jersey shore, our vessel pulled out of the wharf to deep water under the guidance of many little tugs. I, the class wanderer, at once retired to my stateroom to make ready for supper. "Last call for supper; last call," came from the dining room, and as I passed to the table I recognized the head waiter as Bennie Shachat of the class of January, 1917. Not being very hungry, I left the table, so Bennie, anxious to please, took me to the kitchen and pointed out Ciccone, Rocco and Rontondi, juggling long strips of spaghetti over the oven; but most interesting of all was Nicholas Fausto, with an apron tied about his middle, drying dishes.

I returned to the deck to see the glare of the Statue of Liberty, but no sooner had I reached the rail than I heard a familiar voice telling in a loud pitch of a great deed its owner had performed. Seated on a coil of rope, and dressed in a short sailor jacket, was Abe Wohl, still shouting about himself. I retired for the night, but, being thirsty, pushed a button for a porter and, to my surprise, the door opened. Sammy Kalb stood before me, dressed all in white.

These surprises were enough for one day, so I turned in. During the night a storm came up, and I felt so sick that I rang for a physician. In walked the ship's doctor, Mr. Fogle, followed by a nurse, who proved to be Lillian Offen. With their gentle treatment I came around all right and was quite able to view the performance which was in store for the following day.

By that time the storm had abated somewhat, but

the heavy weather kept the people indoors. In the afternoon the performance was staged and I took my place in the audience. The curtain was raised and short-legged Ernest Porter waltzed on the stage with his seven-foot wife, Eleanor Mendel, and an abundance of ancient eggs came from all directions. They made a very striking pair.

When the ship came within sight of land we prepared to go ashore. The customs officers were very rough, and the English bobbies were horrid, but my face lighted up when I saw a familiar bobbie leaning up against a lamppost. As I passed him I recognized "Rus" Torrey reading an English grammar. Thirty years had passed but Torrey's interest in English had not passed.

"Shine! Shine!" was the cry that drowned the noise of the rattling vehicles, and then I beheld William Morgenstern on his knees, using the polish freely.

Hurrying to the station, I bought my ticket and boarded a train for London. As I was sitting near the window waiting for the train to depart, I noticed a tattered individual picking up papers. On close inspection it proved to be Joe Fingerhut. Little had we ever thought that Joe would stoop to such things.

After a ride of an hour we pulled into the great metropolis. I immediately set out for a first-class hotel. There in the vestibule, gray with age, was Le Roy Stein selling pasteurized milk chocolates. Conversing with him, I learned that a great suffrage parade was due about this time, and from the sound of a big bass drum I knew it couldn't be far away. Sure enough, down the street paraded William Lifshutz at the head of a column, carrying a banner. He

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was followed by Fannie Weiss and Sophie Dwork with "Votes for Women" signs across their chests.

At the London stock market I saw "Stew" Beattie, not the runner of yore, but a bank runner.

It had long been my desire to see the famous Monte Carlo, so I crossed the channel and took a train for the city where fortunes are won and lost in an hour. Just as I expected, there in a corner of a large gambling den sat Jake Horowitz and Jules Lubowitz matching nickels. This was a game in which they had long been proficient, so I was not surprised.

I went next to see the wonderful sights of "Gay Paree." I knew no French so I went directly to the American consul for advice. He was Freddy Navatier, sure enough. Through him I learned a few words of French and received some directions for getting around. I entered the first high-class cabaret I saw, on the Rue Jardin, where, among the revelers, I was just in time to see Prof. Joseph Kiell and his dancing partner, Emma Yates, go through a series of dances of their own invention.

My business next directed me toward Germany, and I arrived in the city of Berlin at night. Early the next morning I wandered through the streets, watching the many curious sights. They were curious sights indeed. There was Ernest Kritzmacher in front of a bakery, pipe in mouth and covered from head to foot with flour. From him I learned that a symphony orchestra was in town and, liking good music, I went to see the performance, which was "Niemand Zu Hause." The curtain went up at eight o'clock and Pasquale Sozio, the world's most famous violinist, appeared, amid great applause. A selection from Wagner followed, and after the applause had subsided, Mme. Tlusty sang "Im Vaterland," and bouquets were showered upon the world's loveliest soprano.

The wee hours of morning came rapidly, but before I went to bed, I visited the Berlin six-day race. Riding around the saucer were the following teams: Salerno and Primamore, Greenspan and Chivian, Friedman and Hand. In the middle of the saucer, behind a "hot-dog" stand, was "Issy" Steinbock, barking out his wares, while his partner, Sarah Seiler, was giving "first aid" to what appeared to be the remains of Goldberg and Campbell. They had been attacked with stones and bottles for ruining the German opera, "Romany," I think. The pair had traveled these thirty years on their "nerve," attempting finally to enter grand opera, but the gallery boys didn't appreciate their attempt.

Another day in the land of Karl Marx, I visited the Temple of Socialism, which now ruled the world. There on the walls of the famous art galleries were the portraits of Abe Breitbarth and our old-time editor, "Eddie" Douglas. Poor Eddie! Many

were the days he had spent in the "rat hole" in Central High, but now he is in a hole six feet under, long dead of "spats" disease. Oh yes, and there was Harry Schaub, as well—not the Harry of years gone by, but the Harry of a new era, dressed in overalls, with a pail of water and a scrub brush, busily washing the picture of Eddie, thinking of the many happy days they had spent together. Little had he realized that the picture in front of him would survive THE PIVOT of January, 1917.

Italy I visited next, where Rome revealed the strange sight of Cardinale, an Italian duke, feeding pigeons in the market place, while his wife, the former Alice Filippone, was keeping the younger Cardinales from pulling the feathers from the pigeons' tails. William Heyer, the man of "elevated ideas," who used to push the artist's brush for THE PIVOT, I saw pushing a different kind of brush around the streets of Rome, and on investigation, I found that he had to have it made to order.

The first stop I made after leaving Italy was at the islands in the southern Pacific, where we landed in the afternoon. Before evening set in, I roamed into a grove of large bamboo trees. I had taken about four steps, when all of a sudden a cocoanut grazed my upper extremity. Upon looking up into the tree, I beheld the features of Alan Bolles, not so much like the Bolles of '17 as like one of our Darwinian ancestors. Evidently Bolles had read so much of the theory that he was degenerating very rapidly. A small ribbon was tied around his neck and I imagined it was to keep in mind the one for whom he had worked so hard thirty years ago.

A new version of "Yaaka Hula Hickey Dula" was the first sound brought to my ears, and there in a straw tent I recognized Eleanor Floyd going through the rhythmic motions of a Hawaiian dancer.

A private steam yacht brought me to the land of the free once more, and the Golden Gate appeared in the distance. Back on American soil, and under the protection of "Old Glory," I visited the janitor of the San Francisco City Hall, Saul Goldstein, who introduced his wife, formerly Fannie Abramson.

My next stop was at Chicago, and in the State Assembly was Harry Polak—not the Harry of old, but a revised man, stalwart and honest, and a staunch upholder of the honor of the class of January, 1917.

While in Chicago I renewed the acquaintance of Wilbur Henderson, who had hoped to be a civil engineer, but who was running a trolley car and trying to be civil in replying to the questions asked when not surveying the nickel industry. Oh, yes! There was Max Greenberg also. Poor Max, gray haired and looking the worse from rough work, was greasing the switches for the street railway company of that town.

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Max's Central Service training came in handy, anyway.

At Niagara, I viewed the famous horse-shoe falls from the power station. And, would you believe it, there I saw Frances Hiebel enjoying a belated but pleasant honeymoon.

From Niagara to New York was a pleasant trip, mainly because Harry D'Giovanni was conductor of the train.

I reached New York in time for supper and afterwards went to see the Passing Show of 1947. In the vestibule ticket office was Abe Slominger, now a famous theatrical manager. He knew his business well, for in the course of the evening I saw he had selected as his stars Florence Walling, Loretta Siegfried and Margery Witheridge, who were making a great hit in spite of their age. It was "some show," believe your Daddy Time.

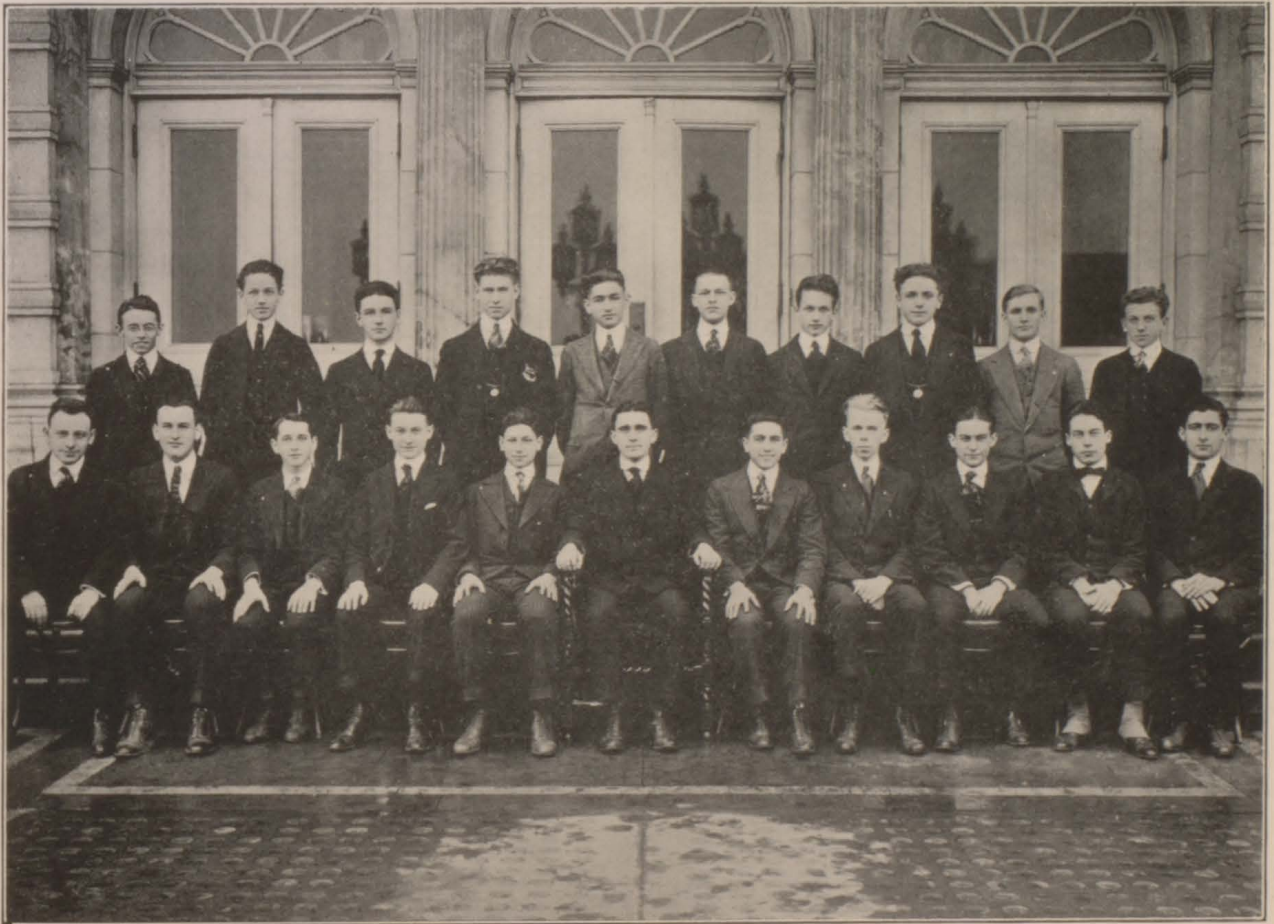
After a pleasant evening, I wended my way toward Newark, via the Tubes. The "strong arm gang" were on duty: the two inseparable chums, Rose and Harriet, with pails and scrub brushes, were doing their duty to a soiled window.

Newark reached at last, I hopped into a jitney operated by Sam Horowitz. When I got off at my street, I handed him a quarter. He gave me thirty cents change. Fine figuring, Sam, fine figuring, I thought.

About to enter my home, I was stopped by two ladies, whom I recognized as the Misses Howard and Heid. Both were old maids, and from their talk I gathered that they were running a dairy somewhere near Hackettstown, N. J.

I asked my wife to entertain these ladies as best she could, and retired early, to dream of old times at Central.

THE CENTRAL SERVICE CLUB



James Warren Gibbs as a Poet



The following poems are from the uncollected writings of the late James Warren Gibbs, whose memory is so fondly cherished by all Centralites who were so fortunate as to know him. "To Arms" was published in *The American Issue*, with which Mr. Gibbs was connected, while the fragments and "Who Can Be Great?" are from his unpublished writings. While Mr. Gibbs left some poetry, he will be better remembered for his historical writings, the latest of which went to press just before his death last summer, and which is expected to appear at any time—*A Manual of American History and Civics*, (Atkinson, Mentzer & Co., New York). This is the same one which he developed at Central, and which is in use here now.

FAINT HEART BE STRONG

Up, then, nor fear!
Gird on thy sword for battle with the wrong!
This is thy battlefield forever here—
To him who conquers is the victor's song.

WHO CAN BE GREAT?

A second of time is a little thing,
But two eternities to it cling.
A speck in space floats this world of man,
Yet holds what a place in God's great plan!
Though I may not be great, I can be small,
And God needs little things most of all.

And who is great? Not he whose boast
Makes a nation shudder from coast to coast.
Who then is great? Not he whose name
Is gilded over with golden fame.
These may be great; but it must be he
Who walks by faith where he cannot see;
Who does life's duty as he can
With God-like faith in the heart of man.

TO ARMS!

The cry goes forth like thunder-peal—
"TO ARMS! Gird quick thine armor on!
The foe is worthy of thy steel,
His ranks stand thick and strong.

"To arms again! Thy broad, fair land
Which stands for freedom's mighty power,
Betrayed by traitor's kiss and hand,
Yields silently each hour."

Firm blades of heroes bathed in blood,
Firm hearts of heroes staunch and true,
Against the strength of wrong have stood
When blades and hearts were few.

The cry goes forth for men—strong men—
Men who no longer dream, but DO!
Rings Eastern tower, rings Western glen
With cries for me, for you.

A man may die that a nation live,
A nation its life for a world may give.

THINGS

[Being a space filled with "Things." A department devoted to anything new and original in the world of art, special attention being given to the so-called "new art" which is permeating literature so thoroughly at present.]

THE MORNING AFTER

BY CHESTER MOCKRIDGE

I HAD hardly fallen asleep when my bell rang furiously. I jumped out of bed quickly and opened the door.

No one was there! Upon reflection, however, this did not seem extraordinary. Probably the prank of the occupant of another of the many bachelor apartments on our floor, I thought.

But the thing haunted my mind as I lay in bed, and I could not sleep. A warm breath of air had swept my cheeks as I had opened the door. Although my mind was wide awake, I could not figure the thing out. The longer I thought, the more ghostly was the impression left on my mind. Why had I been drinking? I wished that Jack would come. I tried to sleep.

But it was not for long. I felt someone staring at me—a stare that boded evil, and yet I was afraid to look. The gaze of the eyes was ceaseless—it pierced through my closed eyelids and burned into my brain. I began to picture the eyes—they must be very large—large, red, blood-shot eyes, yet with a greenish hue.

I sat up suddenly and peered into the darkness. There they were, just as I had pictured them in my imagination! Red and blood-shot, yet with a greenish hue—more like the glow of phosphorus than a human being's eyes. I cried out, but my cry was a squeak, the stifled shriek of a choking person.

Why did not Jack come?

The eyes disappeared for an instant, only to reappear a little nearer to me. They faded again. When I next saw them, they were still nearer. Again and again this happened, until they were within a few feet of my head. How long would this keep up? How long could a human being stand it?

Then they spoke.

"You!" boomed out a deep voice from below the ghostly halos. "You are on the threshold of fortune! But you'll pass the opportunity by! I am——"

But the eyes did not disclose their secret. Instead, they disappeared again. Then again they burned in the darkness, and still nearer.

I quivered like a leaf in the chill November wind. Instinctively I reached under my pillow, drew out my revolver, and fired. The eyes disappeared, but I fired again were they had been. I heard a low moan, and something fell on my feet. It sent murderous chills up and down my spine. Then the eyes lit up again. They were at the foot of my bed, and were rapidly glazing with the sheen of death.

"Fool!" boomed the voice. "Fool, you have killed me! I die, but you shall live death on earth——" And as the voice trailed off into a moan, the eyes slowly burned out. I swooned to sleep.

I awoke with a blinding sun beaming in my room. I sickened at the sight that met my eyes. On the bed were dozens of spots of blood, and half a dozen spots where puddles of blood had sunk into the bed clothes like water into the earth.

A blood-stained sheet lay like a shroud over the end of the bed. And on the floor, dressed in evening clothes, lay Jack, smeared with blood, his body crumpled up, with a sheet partly wound about him.

A VERY GOOD THING

[Being something which was given in at the Rat Hole, though we do not know the author. At least it is good enough to print.]

LOOK PLEASANT

We cannot, of course, all be handsome,
And it's hard for us all to be good,
We are sure now and then to be lonely,
And we don't always do as we should.
To be patient is not always easy,
To be cheerful is much harder still,
But at least we can always be pleasant,
If we make up our minds that we will.

And it pays every time to be kindly,
Although we feel worried and blue.
If you smile at the world and look cheerful,
The world will soon smile back at you.
So try to brace up and look pleasant,
No matter how low you are down,
Good humor is always contagious,
But you banish all friends when you frown.

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ONE-NINE-ONE-SEVEN'S HISTORY

I walked through the corridor,
And stopped one of three,
To tell him of my Senior Class—
The Ancient Historie.

He said he was too busy
And had no time to hear;
But I said, "Such things must all be told
Indeed but twice a year."

And so he stood and oped his eyes
And looked up to heaven;
While I began to tell the tale
Of Class One-Nine-One-Seven.

"Yes, we have all been freshmen,
As some of ye are to-day;
And have patiently sailed across the sea,
To be called a "Senior A."

We started on our voyage
About two hundred strong;
But most of us got sea-sick,
And could not sail along.

Some of us fell overboard,
Because we could not see
How with homework piled up high
We'd ever cross the sea.

Lessons, lessons everywhere,
We wished that we could sink;
Lessons, lessons everywhere,
And not a chance to think.

After a long, long year we sailed
As freshies nevermore,
And walking the deck right proudly,
Of the good ship "Sophomore."

And after two more windy years
Of wrecks and storms at sea,
Came to us an Albatross
Known as Geometry.

Some deemed it an ill omen
And many left the boat;
But some of us worked faithfully,
The bird kept us afloat.

Many a happy day we passed,
A jolly crew indeed,
And no class could our 'Seventeen
In any way exceed.

And we danced along the deck until
We were Seniors dignified;

We stopped a day and began to pray
For now our goal we spied.

For five long months we worked,
And pleasures all rejected;
Never a task we shirked,
That others had neglected.

Sixty now swimming,
All workers hard are we;
We've sailed, and worked, and sailed,
Till now we've crossed the sea.

THE ELF KING

Who rides there so swiftly through wind and through
night?

'Tis father and son from dread Death seeking flight.
The son feels about him the father's strong arm,
The arm holds him tightly, he feels no alarm.

"My son, you are hiding your face as in fear."
"Ah, father, see'st thou—the Elf King draws near.
Behold him, the Elf King, with crown and with train."
"My son, 'tis a streak of the mist and the rain."

"Come, thou fine boy, come thou with me,
Right pretty games will I play there with thee,
Rare-colored flowers my meadows do hold,
My mother has many a robe wrought of gold."

"My father, my father, and do you not hear?
The Elf King's whispering things in mine ear."
"Rest quiet, my child, the wind makes that sound,
The wind as it rustled the leaves on the ground."

"Wil't come, my fine boy, wil't thou come with me?
My daughters shall lovingly wait upon thee,
My daughters who lead in the night's merry maze
Will rock thee to slumber with song and with lays."

"My father, my father, and see where 'tis dark,
The Elfin King's daughters are passing, oh hark."
"My son, my son, oh calm your dismay;
The willows are bending their heads shining gray."

"I love thee, dear creature, thy person doth charm,
Come! be thou willing, or else I will harm."
"My father, my father, oh now I must go,
The Elf King has done me a terrible woe."

The father now trembles, he rides as one wild;
He holds in his arms the shuddering child;
He reaches the castle, his heart turns to lead;
For pale in his arms, the child lies—dead.

Translated from the German by

ROBERT L. HOUSMAN.



WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Bear, Fannie E.—Pres., W. W. Debating Society; G. O. Executive board; Executive committee, Journalist Club; G. S. C.

Bronstein, Louis—G. O. delegate, C. S. C.; sec., Barnstormers; G. O. delegate, W. H. Debating Society.

Brown, Abraham—Vice-pres., Journalist Club; C. S. C.; property manager, "Ein Amerikanisher Duell." Decker, Selma J.—Vice-pres., Barnstormers; C. S. C.

Douglas, Edward H.—"Eddie."

Goodman, Frederick H.—Pres., Journalist Club; sec., Camera Club; PIVOT; C. S. C.

Hauser, Gerald L.—Pres., Cartoonist Club; sec., Orchestra; Executive committee, G. O.; PIVOT; C. S. C.

Horowitz, Jacob—Senior PIVOT; PIVOT; C. S. C.

Seco, Francis—Vice-pres., Wireless Club; treas., Science Club; G. O. delegate, Wireless Club.

Kalb, Sam—Pres., Mathematics Club; pres., Mandolin Club; chairman, Chocolate Sale; chairman, Weekly Service Dances; C. S. C.

Krantzohr, Leon Irving—Sec., Journalist Club; PIVOT; C. S. C.

Prosch, Walter R.—Pres., Technical Club; Skating Rink committee; C. S. C.

Schaub, Harry, Jr.—Pres., G. O.; pres., Science Club; manager, Cross-country team; business manager, PIVOT; C. S. C.

Stein, Le Roy—Pres., Webster-Hayne; sec., 4A class; G. O. Executive board; C. S. C.

Steinbock, Isidore—Pres., 4A class; pres., Barnstormers; pres., C. S. C.; PIVOT; Senior PIVOT.

Trien, Isidore—Pres., Spanish Club; vice-pres., W. W. Debating Society; G. O. delegate, Math. Club; chairman, Senior "Prom;" C. S. C.

Wohl, A.—Pres., Tennis Club; Executive board, G. O.; PIVOT.

HONOR ROLL

(Names of students not having less than eight in every subject are to be found in this column.)

One hundred and one, Max Goldberg; 103, Alice Agman; 109, Pearl Bratter, Maxine Hemmendinger, Anna Lipkowitz, Florence Lubowitz, Lillian Schuander, Celia Ferver, Ida Toffel; 110, Fannie Bear, Abraham Breitbarth, Sarah Seiler; 202, Mae Levey; 206, Alice Buck, Rose Karalunsky, Anna Schachat; 207, Julian Berla, Charles Keyler; 210, Carl Brueggeman, William Geldner, Allan Smullen; 211, Naomi Rutter; 212, Israel Simon, Emil Weber; 213, Ida Baron, Bessie Malkin, Pauline Witthaeffer, Lillian Zalkin; 214, Eva Miller, William Buchman; 215, Loretta Schwartz, Florence Wirtz, Henry McLean, Ernest Kritzmacher; 216, Kenneth Aul, William Johnson, Wallace Metrione; 217, Olive Cutler, Dorothy Eilen; 218, Thelma Perkins; 219, Clarence Berger, Victor Frank, Leon Krantzohr, Morris Rubin; 303, Marcus Bock, Elsie Gulsch, Edward Krasny; 305, Jean Anderson, Eva Goldenberg; 307, Edna Kritzmacher, Beatrice Rosenstein, Mildred Stahl; 309, Naomi Halpin; 310, Charles Brady, Ruth Echert; 316, Ethel Brower, Gertrude Crearan, Juliette Duffy, Gertrude Katzman; 317, Anna Gutzat, Yetta Hammer, Tillie Housman, Helen Ott, William Blum, Leonard Fuerth, John Gorski, Howard Lewis, Fredrick Reinhart; 318, A. M., Edith Barton, Etta Baumgarten, Frances Eisen, Rose Hollander, Alice Moson, Helen Kronengold, Esther Lewes, Clara Kleiber, Esther Horowitz; 318, P. M., Ruth Holder, Anna Young; 319, Kenneth McCausland; 320, Theodore Koerner, William Krauss, Martin Martinelli; 401, Bertha Straussberg; 402, Ruth Parks; 403, Hedwig Cresielska, Amelia Landenberger; 408, Eugene Donnelly; 409, Ruth Block, Anna Hopfengartner, Hattie Hueneka, Rose Farnow, Norma Shiner, Marie Palumbo, Louise Meyerson; 410, Irene Cook, Wil-

hemina Decker, Mary Harrar, Clara Juffe, Daisy Klein, Nellie Sukerman, Anna Undritz; 411, Thomas Perkins; 413, Vinceaza Sammaico; 415, Dorothy Goodman; 416, Irving Newman; 417, Mary Herud, Samuel Kaplan, Ruth Kirschbaum.

W. W. PREPARES FOR INTER-SCHOLASTIC DEBATES

Although handicapped by making a late start, the W. W. Debating Society has had a very successful term. Under the guidance of Fannie Bear and Mr. Rowan the meetings were most interesting. After the business part of the meeting, debates and individual speeches were heard. A debate was held on the proposition, "Resolved, That a uniform dress for girls should be adopted in Central." The affirmative was upheld by Fannie Bear and Minnie Strauch, the negative by Fannie Wiess and Fannie Abramson. The negative won. In another debate the club discussed the proposition, "Resolved, That trade unions are, on the whole, beneficial." The affirmative side, which was taken by Louis Goldberg and Samuel Bomse, defeated the negative, which was upheld by Abe Wohl and Abraham Slomniger. Joseph Fingerhut and Frank Seco have given individual speeches.

The club intends to debate with South Side High School and the members are trying out for the event, which will take place some time in January.

The club's best representatives will try for places on the school team, which will be pitted against Baringer in the Rutgers Interscholastic Debating League.

PRIZE CONTEST ANNOUNCEMENTS

The faculty picture contest announced in the last issue of THE PIVOT was won by Miss Sadie Weitzman, room 206. The teacher, whose picture was published last month, was Mr. Caruso, room 208. Miss Weitzman's answer was the only correct one received, so she will receive the prize, a year's subscription to THE PIVOT, beginning with the next issue. Other teachers suggested were the Messrs. McMillan, Snodgrass, Arnao, Lewin, Herzberg, Goldstein, Anderson, Griffin, Griffith, Knowlton, Conklin, Orner, Dickerson and Webb. See another page of this issue for details of the January contest.

Owing to the fact that the answers in the slogan-trade-mark contest held by the Loges-Wiener Co. and THE PIVOT were not sufficiently good to award any of the prizes offered, the contest has been thrown open again. Particulars of the contest are to be found in the last issue of THE PIVOT. The same ones will prevail, except that the answers must be in before January 26.

MUNICIPAL CONCERT IN CENTRAL

On December 13 a free municipal concert was held in Central High School under the auspices of the Common Council committee, of which Mr. Thomas E. Curran is chairman.

The music was furnished by Voss' Orchestra, with Mr. Andrew E. Voss as conductor. He was ably assisted by Miss Alberta Masters, soprano; Mr. John B. Hamilton, baritone; Mr. George J. Kirwan, tenor; and Mr. Frederick C. Voss, accompanist.

The entertainment consisted of selections from Lachner, Drigo, Westerhout and others, and songs by Miss Masters and Mr. Hamilton. In keeping with the spirit of the concert, the audience sang some well-known songs.

JOURNALIST CLUB

Journalism in Central has been given a decided impetus since the organization of the Journalist Club. Mr. Mones, the faculty adviser, has succeeded in getting many newspaper men to address the club on phases of journalism. On January 4 Dr. Ellswitt, a writer, discussed newspaper reporting. Mr. Willet, who is connected with Poore's Manual, is soon to speak to the club on Wall Street reporting. At the meeting of the club on December 14, the Pin committee, consisting of Louis Goldberg and Nathan Kranzler, submitted pin designs for selection. A talk by Mr. Mones on verse structure proved most beneficial to the members.

WIRELESS CLUB CONSTRUCTING INSTRUMENTS

Under the leadership of Leo Samuels, the Wireless Club has made great progress. The plans for an entire wireless set have already been completed and construction work is being carried on. The members of the club have built an aerial on the school roof. Samuels is teaching the club the Marconi code. L. Bamberger & Co. have supplied the club with cards, on which are printed these codes for distribution among the members. A savings club has also been started among the members.

4-B'S HOLD SENIOR PROM

The 4-B Class tendered the departing 4-A's the usual Senior Prom on December 20th. Isidore Trien was chairman of the arrangements committee.

At a recent meeting of the 4-B Class Louis Bronstein was elected president, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Otis Heath. The Class also elected a new secretary, and Rose Schaeffer received the position.

THE PIVOT

ROSTER OF SCHOOL ORGANIZATIONS

CENTRAL SERVICE CLUB

President: Isidore Steinbock
Vice-president: Max Greenberg
Secretary: Wilbur Henderson
G. O. delegate: Louis Bronstein
Faculty adviser: Mr. Kaiser

GIRLS' SERVICE CLUB

President pro tem.: Rose Baskin
Vice-president: Rose Baskin
Secretary: Alice Ablett
G. O. delegate: Margery Witheridge
Faculty adviser: Miss Rosencrans

4-A CLASS

President: Isidore Steinbock
Vice-president: Sarah Seiler
Secretary: Le Roy Stein
Treasurer: Paul Moffitt
G. O. delegate: Max Greenberg
Faculty adviser: Mr. Goldstein

4-B CLASS

President: Louis Bronstein
Vice-president: Rose Bornstein
Secretary: Rose Schaffer
G. O. delegate: Mae Goodstein
Faculty adviser: Mr. Canowitz

CAMERA CLUB

President: Charles Breder
Vice-president: Chester Mockridge
Secretary: F. H. Goodman
G. O. delegate: Jay Morrison
Faculty adviser: Mr. Voeglin

CARTOONIST CLUB

President: Gerald Hauser
Vice-president: Nathan Feldblum
Secretary: Grace Morton
G. O. delegate: Saul Burger
Faculty adviser: Miss Schnurr

CENTRO CASTELLANO

President: Isidore Trien
Vice-president: Verna Kinsey
Secretary: Frank King
Faculty adviser: Mr. Arnao

DANTE LITERARY SOCIETY

President: Vito Salerno
Vice-president: Mary Daddio
Secretary: Alice Filippone
G. O. delegate: Francis Seco
Faculty adviser: Mr. Arnold

JOURNALIST CLUB

President: F. H. Goodman
Vice-president: Abe Brown
Executive Committee: Leon Krantztohr, chairman;
Fannie Baer.
Faculty adviser: Mr. Mones

MANDOLIN CLUB

President: Kirtland Huff
Vice-president and secretary: Dorothy Hefe
G. O. delegate: Abe Goldblatt

ORCHESTRA

President: Pasquale Sozio
Vice-president: Rose Rasnick
Secretary: Gerald Hauser
G. O. delegate: Wm. Lifschutz
Faculty adviser: Mr. Smith

SCIENCE CLUB

President: Harry Schaub
Vice-president: Monroe Dreher
Secretary: Amelia Landenberger
Treasurer: Francis Seco
G. O. delegate: Leo Samuels
Faculty adviser: Miss Dede

TECHNICAL CLUB

President: Walter Prosch
Vice-president: George Auerbacher
Secretary: William Buchman
G. O. delegate: Charles Breder
Faculty adviser: Mr. Murray

WEBSTER-HAYNE DEBATING SOCIETY

President: Le Roy Stein
Vice-president: Genevieve Noonan
Secretary: Russell Torrey
G. O. delegate: Louis Bronstein
Faculty adviser: Mr. Beard

WIRELESS CLUB

President: Leo Samuels
Vice-president and G. O. delegate: Francis Seco
Treasurer: Sam August
Secretary: Edward Vorhees
Faculty adviser: Mr. Coleman

W. W. DEBATING SOCIETY

President: Fanny Bear
Vice-president: Isidore Trien
Secretary: Abe Slomniger
G. O. delegate: Louis Goldberg
Faculty adviser: Mr. Rowan

CONTRIBUTORS

To Sarah Seiler and Selma Decker THE PIVOT wishes to extend its sincerest thanks for the excellent services which they have rendered during the past term.

GIRLS' SERVICE CLUB

The Girls' Service Club is providing outlines of information on various vocations to benefit girl students. The work of helping the lower classes to organize will soon be taken up by the club.

Two Live Central Clubs

THE JOURNALIST CLUB



The Journalist Club, since it organized this term, has shown its progressiveness in the rapid strides it has taken. A great deal of interest has been aroused in the pupils of Central through its activities.

Under Mr. Mones' guidance, a number of stories have appeared in THE PIVOT. These have received high merit.

Men famous in the journalistic world have appeared before the club, and in the near future, men of greater prominence will speak. Mr. Mones has given the club a series of talks on the short story, and, guided by these and his personal help, some very good material has already been turned out by the members.

Under President Goodman, the club meets every Thursday afternoon in Room 216, when a very interesting and instructive program is enjoyed. Visitors are always welcome. Members:

Bendel, H. W. Nimensky, I.

Bomse, S.
Berkowitz, S.
Brown, A., Vice-Pres.
Chadwick, C.
Decker, S.
Dwork, S. E.
Fingerhut, J.
Goldberg, L.
Goldstein, N.
Goodman, F. H., Pres.
Gross, Pearl
Housman, R.
Hughes, D.
Kanowith, S. D.
Kranztzohr, L., Ex. Com.
Levey, M.
Nacht, I.

Schlegel, G.
Trien, I.
Weiss, F.
Zimmerman, L.
Seco, F.
Kranzler, N.
Satzky, W.
Donner, E.
Yadkowsky, A.
Baer, F., Exec. Com.
Pertzowitz, S.
Calandra, A.
Miele, E.
Goldstein, Bessie
Ceglowski, M.
Rantzman, M.
Gepner, L.

Last month's issue of THE PIVOT neglected to mention the fact that the janitors of the school presented Mr. Tomey with a beautiful cut-glass sugar bowl, a cream pitcher, and a flower vase, at the same time that the teachers and the Central Service Club gave him their tokens of appreciation for his faithful services.

The Spanish club of the school, known as "Centro Castellano," has elected the following officers for next term: President, Isidore Trien; vice-president, Verna Kinsey; secretary, Frank King; and G. O. delegate, Donald Hughes. Mr. Arnao, the faculty adviser, gave an illustrated talk on Spanish life and customs. Several records of classical Spanish music were played on the phonograph.

THE PIVOT

THE TECHNICAL CLUB



The Technical Club is one of the oldest clubs in the school, and one of the most successful. Although the membership is but twenty-five, it is rather due to the fact that more cannot be conveniently handled on a trip of inspection, than because interest is lacking in the club. Trips have been held almost weekly since the club was founded, almost all of the more important factories in this vicinity having been visited. The big time in the club's activities is always the annual banquet, the third of which was held on January 12. The following are members of the club:

Auerbacher, G.

Vreeland, J.

Buchman, W.

Breder, C.

Horner, W.

Porter, E.

Prosch, W., Pres.

Ganther, A.

Hoesly, W.

Heimlich, F.

MacLean, H.

Dreher, M.

Baldwin, E.

Strouse, E.

Derrick, E.

Henderson, W.

Haig, R.

Mockridge, C.

Crowe

Murray, E.

Darling

Hauffer, E.

Schulz

Smock, H.

SCIENCE CLUB THRIVING

At each meeting of the Science Club different scientific questions are discussed. At present matters pertaining to fishes and the caring for aquariums are being discussed.

The annual PIVOT dance was held on the evening of January 10, in the gymnasium, under the auspices of the retiring PIVOT board. The affair, which was managed by Harry Schaub, Jr., Ernest Porter, and Leon Kranztohr, was most successful. The patronesses were Mrs. William Wiener, Miss Katherine B. Martin, Mrs. Harry Schaub, Mrs. Ernest Porter, Mrs. Daniel McMillan and Mrs. Marcus Lewin. An accordion solo was given by John Denianenko.

CHOCOLATE SALE A SUCCESS

The recent chocolate sale which was conducted by the Central Service and the Girls' Service Clubs was very successful. Prizes are offered to the members who sell the most sweets. Samuel Kalb arranged the sale.

Esther Kalb, a former Centralite, is spending the winter in Daytona, Florida, with her sister. She has accepted a position as violinist in the Crystal Orchestra. Miss Kalb is a talented musician and a graduate of Glickman's Conservatory of Music in Newark. Manager Thomason, of the Crystal Orchestra, who is always on the lookout for talent for the orchestra, happened to hear Miss Kalb playing and at once offered her an engagement for the season.

Some Sixty Seniors Sing Sad Swan

APPELLATION	ALIAS	AILMENT	RESTORATIVE	PROCLIVITY
Fannie Abramson	"Abe"	Study	Pass to Proctor's	Stenographer
Stuart Beattie	"Spider Legs"	Bessie	Diamond ring	Chemist
Alan Bolles	"Bullets"	Swell head	Omega Oil—it reduces	Embalmer
A. Breitbarth	"Caesar"	Arguing	Gang fight	Socialist
Martin Campbell	"Soup"	Unsociability	A little pep	Caddy
Pasquale Cardinale	"Card"	Silence	Gunpowder	Spanish corres.
Herman Chivian	"Chivy"	Public speaking	Flying fruit	Teacher
Nicholas Ciccone	"Nick"	Height (?)	Steam-roller	Wrestler
Harry D'Giovanni	"Digi"	Politics	No graft	Lawyer
Edward Douglas	"Eddie"	Style	Bankruptcy	(No ambition)
Sophie Dwork	"Soap"	Boys	Girls	Literature
Nicholas Fausto	"Fruit"	Untidiness	Common sense	Druggist
Alice Filippone	"Flip"	Inconspicuousness	Spotlights	Physical culture
Joseph Fingerhut	"Joe"	Cutting	Nailed	Salesman
Eleanor Floyd	"Ella"	Movies	No allowance	Actress
Raymond Fogel	"Pop"	Grin	Mirror	Engineer
Edward Friedman	"Ed"	Nonsense	Love	Doctor
David Goldberg	"Yoc"	"Rough house"	208	Physical instructor
Saul Goldstein	"Goldy"	Hair comb	Wig	Dentist
Max Greenberg	"Micks"	Physics	Drag	Barber
Max Greenspan	"Max"	Cutting	Two weeks	Dentist
Edward Hand	"Eddie"	Too fast	More ambition	Insurance agent
Minnie Heid	"Min"	Too shy	Some nerve	Has none
Wilbur Henderson	"Whitie"	Sleepiness	Alarm clock	Civil engineer
William Heyer	"Shrimp"	No symmetry	Sandpaper	Artist
Francis Hiebel	"Franky"	No pep	Six on her card	Teacher
Jacob Horowitz	"Jake"	Never serious	A. G.	Politician
Sam Horowitz	"Horry"	Suspicious	Ostracism	Accountancy
Grace Howard	"Gracie"	Lots of 'em	H ₂ O	Manicure
Sam Kalb	"Sem"	Cabaretion	Hit the trail	Salesman
Joseph Kiell	"Sapp"	All wrong	Chloroform	Lawyer
Ernest Kritzmacher	"Ernie"	Study	Six months solitude	Peanut manufacturer
William Lifschutz	"Billie"	Bum crease	Trouser presser	Chiropodist
Jules Lubowitt	"Jules"	Pug nose	Hair tonic	Gentleman bum
Eleanor Mendel	"Stilts"	Blushing	Powder	School marm
Paul Moffitt	"Pansy"	Feminism	Henpecking	Prophet
Fred. Navatier	"Freddie"	Geometry	Can't fix him	Candy business
Lillian Offen	"Lil"	Sweetness	Manless world	Bachelor girl
Rose Okin	"Rose"	B. Neu	"Borney"	Stenographer
Harry Polak	"Skinny"	Study	Torpedo	Mathematician
Ernest Porter	"Lady"	Bull	Year of hard labor	Reporter
Peter Primamore	"Pete"	Quietness	An explosive	Accountancy
Frank Rocco	"Frank"	His grin	Garlic	Clothing salesman
Goffredo Rotundi	"Jeff"	Bashfulness	Bromo-Seltzer	Lawyer
Vito Salerno	"Vid"	Too small	Eat rubber	Accountancy
Harry Schaub	"Harry"	Girls	A family	Steno
Loretta Seifried	"Lottie"	Giggling	Muzzle	Business
Sarah Seiler	"Skinny"	Noise	Is none	Law
Benjamin Shachat	"Bennie"	What not?	Search us	Machinery
Abe Slomniger	"Abe"	Fiddling	Mouth organ	Musician
Pasquale Sozio	"Pasquie"	Music	Drum	Musician
Le Roy Stein	"Leary"	Too noisy	Maxim Silencer	Law
I. Steinbock	"Issy"	Acting	He'll outgrow it	Actor
Ruth Tlusty	"Ruthy"	Flunking	Get put out	Music
Russell Torrey	"Russ"	Haircomb	Get a "Riley"	Politician
Florence Walling	"Flo"	Physics	Graduation	Missionary
Fannie Weiss	"Fannie"	Sickness	Up John pills	Business
Margery Witheridge	"Margy"	Has none	So none is needed	Business
Abe Wohl	"Aby"	Bragging	A bomb	Dramatics
Harriet Woolf	"Hattie"	Sponging	A few hard hearts	Travel
Emma Yates	"Em"	Hiding	A debut	Society

THE PIVOT

Song—Seventeen's Slams and Salaams

FATE	FAVORITE HAUNT	DISTINGUISHING CHARACTERISTIC	HOW HE GOT THROUGH
Cash girl	Study hall	Brains	Toil
Up in smoke	"Gym"	Legs	Ran
Wooden box	212	Line of talk	Via the keyhole
Success	Post office	Dignity	Hard work
Broken back	Not school	Gait	Horseshoes
Street cleaner	Library	Slowness	In soft
Ash man	Meetings	Trick glasses	Legitimately
Piano mover	Chem Lab.	Smile	4½ years' work
Jail bird	Corridors	Name	Oversight
The gutter	"Rat Hole"	?? (Deleted by Censor)	Rescued PIVOT
Dishwasher	Mum's the word	Attire	On her nerve
Soda dispenser	Second floor	Freshness	Fooled 'em
Suffragist	110	Pleasant manner	Naturally
Bamberger's	Miner's	Absence	??????
Chorus pony	The stage	Smile	Eventually
Stoker	Home	Necktie	Not missed
Quack	Office	Grin	Fixed it up
The chair	Balcony	Singing	Too much noise
Prize-fighter	Lockers	Bluff	Name
Bootblack	Ritter's	Noon rush	Running dances
Butcher	At work	Ties	By grinding
Sandwich man	Gamma Sig	Pompadour	Ran
Policeman	Under a bushel	Silence	Studied
Conductor	Boarding houses	Height	Somehow
Bohemianism	405-7	Four feet of legs	Goodness knows
Suffragist	Study hall	Stoutness	Smiled
Jail-bird	Turkish baths	Nose	Four high schools
Soup sifter	Post office	Crouch	Bluff
Old maid	Movies	Voice	Fooled us all
Candy kid	Palace	Near Miss N—	Bluffed
Shyster	Home	Tess	Watchful waiting
Awful	Chinatown	Apple cheeks	Studied
God knows	New York	Face	Compassion
Peddler	Among the boys	Clothes	An oversight
Matrimony	Loew's	Absence	Sneaked
A wife	Not school	His curls	Watched his chance
Office boy	Miner's	Good looks	On his nerve
A cozy flat	Physics lab.	Lovableness	She won't tell
Postmistress	Keeney's	Just being	Pushed
Night watchman	Ritter's	Slowness	Sympathy
Newsboy	No one knows	Dark hair	Midnight oil
Spaghetti blower	"Bam's"	Name	Humored the faculty
Waiter	Home	Hair comb	Worked
Organ-grinder	With track team	Noise	On his nerve
Bookkeeper	Office	Has none	Slipped
Horrible	Near "Herman"	Ability (?)	Pull
School marm	All over	Giggle	Mystery to us
Truant officer	102	Size	Talked
Oiler	Orchestra	Walk	?
Movie pianist	Music room	Smile	Crammed
Movie fiddler	110	Fish horn	On his looks
Ambulance chaser	Corridors	Chocolate box	Bought it
Circus clown	Unknown	Good nature	So so
Artist's model	Benz' place	Sweet voice	Danced
Ward-heeler	"Lab"	See ailment	Seven years
Cannibal's meal	Fannie Club	Industry	Accident
Cash girl	Who knows?	Feminism	Argued
Matrimony	On the platform	Happy smile	Served sentence
Stagehand	217	Hot air	Inveigled it
Matrimonial agency	Lyric	Cuteness	See M. W.'s
Waitress	Miner's	Dunno	Silence

THE PIVOT



STEINBOCK, ISIDORE, 182 Central Avenue
PRESIDENT OF SENIOR CLASS.

Commercial. Prospects: Business.

Young in limbs, in judgment old.

Track (2, 3, 4); C. S. C. (2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8), President (8); Barnstormers (3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8), President (8); "Amazons" (7); PIVOT (8); Senior PIVOT (8); President 4B Class; President 4A Class.

Steinbock certainly believes in doing things, as you can see from his list of activities. He is always jolly and makes you smile whether you will or not. He has chosen to enter business, and has chosen wisely, for he has wonderful business ability and executive power. We are certain he will be one of the big men in the future business world.



SEILER, SARAH D., 226 Broome Street
VICE-PRESIDENT OF SENIOR CLASS.

General Latin. Prospects: N. J. Law School.

She never stood on ceremonies.

Clionia (6, 7); W. W. (6, 7, 8); Vice-President 4B Class; Vice-President 4A Class; Glee Club (8).

Sarah is popular with her classmates and also with her teachers. Her attractive personality and faithfulness to her work will make her a successful lawyer.



MOFFITT, PAUL, 151 Hillside Avenue
TREASURER OF SENIOR CLASS.

Commercial. Prospects: Undecided.

Smile to-day, because to-morrow it is gone.

Senior PIVOT (8); Treasurer 4A Class (8); PIVOT (2); Rifle Team (7); Track (3).

Pansy, there are few among us can say a word against thee. Always the gallant gentleman, always ready to assist any fair damsel in distress, always happy and afraid of no one—will the faculty ever forgive or forget thee?



GREENBERG, MAX, 166 Bergen Street
G. O. DELEGATE OF SENIOR CLASS.

Commercial. Prospects: New Jersey Dental School.

Amiability shines by its own light.

C. S. C. (6, 7, 8), Vice-President (8); G. O. Board (8); G. O. Delegate (4A Class); Journalist Club.

Max is one of our popular boys, especially among the ladies. He has shown that he can do things in Central's activities, and his earnest efforts are appreciated. In the field of dentistry Max's energy should put him in the front rank.

THE PIVOT

STEIN, LE ROY.

379 Morris Avenue

SECRETARY OF SENIOR CLASS.

General. Prospects: N. J. Law School.

This fellow is wise enough to play the fool.

C. S. C. (3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8); 3A Class President; 4B G. O. delegate; Glee Club (8); General Manager, "She Stoops to Conquer"; W. H. (3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8), captain (7); G. O. executive board (7, 8); Business Manager, Handbook; "Ein Knopf" (7); Barnstormers (4, 5, 6, 7); 4B Prom. Com.; Secretary, Senior Class; Subscription Manager, PIVOT (6).

Stein became a professional photographer and returned to school after a four years' absence. His activities show what he has done for Central, and give promise of a progressive career after he is admitted to the New Jersey bar.



ABRAMSON, FANNIE.

35 Hunterdon Street

Commercial. Prospects: Business.

She was a scholar, and a ripe and good one.

W. W. (8); G. S. C. (8); Senior PIVOT.

Have you ever seen Fannie's smile? It is worth looking for, because it is so good-natured and whole-hearted. She is very studious and has done exceptionally good work. Fannie starts her career as a business woman with these assets—a clever brain, willing hands, and a cheerful disposition. What more is required?



BEATTIE, STUART.

94 Wakeman Avenue

Special. Prospects: Lafayette.

Fair of face and fleet of foot.

Track team (3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8); Cross country team (4, 6, 8), Captain (8); C. S. C. (5, 6); A. A. (1, 2, 3, 4, 5); Varsity Club (8); Wireless Club (8); Indoor track team (3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8).

One glance either at Beattie's record or legs gives him away immediately—one of the track men in this part of the country. Lafayette has been well supplied with athletes of the first calibre from Central, and doubtless "Stew" will run her a few steps more along the road to fame.



BREITBARTH, ABRAHAM.

141 Park Avenue

Special. Prospects: Accountancy.

Nature may stand up and say to all the world,

This is a man.

Breitbarth is a student of whom Central is justly proud. He has done splendid work, and we all wish him the greatest success.



THE PIVOT



CARDINALE, PASQUALE,

98 Garside Street

3½ Year Student.

Commercial. Prospects: Business.

He makes a solitude and calls it peace.

G. O. (6, 7); Dante Literary (6, 7).

Cardinale is one of those quiet fellows who don't say much and who take things very seriously. He is very obliging, and is well liked by those intimately acquainted with him.



CHIVIAN, HERMAN,

241 Springfield Avenue

General. Prospects: Undecided.

Studios let me sit,

And hold high converse with the mighty Dead.

PIVOT (8); Senior PIVOT (8); Secretary W. W. (8).

Herman is one of those miracles who combine a stern face with a jolly disposition. Though Chivian is a newcomer in Central, he has made his mark.



CICCONE, NICHOLAS,

40 Garside Street

Commercial. Prospects: Business.

In running, every pace is but between two legs a race.

Cross-country (1, 3, 5, 7), Captain (7); Track team (1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8); A. A. (1, 2, 3, 4); Dante Literary (6, 7, 8); Centro Castellano (7).

"Nick" has worn the colors of Central on the track and over hill and dale ever since his freshman year, and has contributed many times to her string of victories. We are sure that with his stick-to-itiveness he will be successful in whatever he takes up.



DIGIOVANNI, HARRY,

620 Ferry Street

Commercial. Prospects: N. J. Law School.

Dante (6, 7, 8); W. W. (7, 8).

A grain of prudence is worth a pound of craft.

Harry is one of the few fellows in the class who, although they have not joined in the school activities to a great extent, are popular with the rest of the class. All his acquaintances speak well of him, which is a good recommendation, indeed.

THE PIVOT

DOUGLAS, EDWARD H.,

21 Summer Place

Douglas Special. Prospects: The Lord only knows.

Modesty is a virtue, but when you're the editor of your own write-up you have to be virtuous.



DWORK, SOPHIE,

217 West Kinney Street

College Prep. Prospects: Columbia.

Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm.

Glee Club (8); Journalist Club (8); Cartoonist (8); Senior PIVOT (8).

Sophie is an earnest student and diligent worker. She has done very good work along literary lines and hopes to become a woman of letters.



FILIPPONE, ALICE,

200 Eighth Avenue

General Latin. Prospects: Normal.

Nothing is more useful than silence.

Girls' A. A. (1, 2, 3, 5); W. H. (4, 5); Dante (6, 7, 8); Vice-President (6), Secretary (8); G. S. C. (5).

Alice is a firm believer in the above proverb. Besides, she has never been absent or tardy, never taken a sick slip, or been sent to detention during her stay in Central. This is an enviable record, indeed. We hope that some day Alice will make records in some other things.



FINGERHUT, JOSEPH,

233 Bruce Street

General. Prospects: N. Y. U.

He sat and bleared his eyes with books.

W. W. (8).

Quiet, clever, and unassuming is the verdict given regarding Fingerhut. He has shown marked ability in school work. We hope, for the well-being of Central, that there may be many more students like him.



THE PIVOT



FLOYD, ELEANOR, 182 Charlton Street

General. Prospects: Undecided.

Gentle of speech, beneficent of mind.

Eleanor has kept herself so well hidden that it is almost impossible to write her up in the manner she deserves. She has, however, a pleasing manner, which makes her well liked by her friends.



FRIEDMAN, EDWARD, 34 Boyd Street

General Latin. Prospects: Rutgers.

I know my place.

Edward is of those quiet fellows who say little but accomplish much. Instead of wasting his time in social affairs he stays at home doing trigonometry.



GOLDBERG, DAVID, 366 Bank Street

3½-Year Student.

Commercial. Prospects: Savage Training School.

Basketball (3, 5).

The parent of success is application.

Although Dave has been quite active in athletics he has not neglected his studies. He is to be commended for completing his course in three and a half years. Dave was the mainstay of our basketball team for the two years that he played upon it.



GOLDSTEIN, SAUL, 248 Broome Street

3½-Year Student.

General. Prospects: U. of P.

Great oaks from little acorns grow.

W. W. (6, 7, 8); Mathematics Club (6, 7, 8); Science Club (8); Boys' A. A. (7); Glee Club (8); Class basketball team (5).

Although Saul is the smallest among us (in stature) he makes up for this deficiency by his good work in his studies. He is to be commended for completing his course in three and a half years.

THE PIVOT

GREENSPAN, MAX,

489 Twelfth Street

General. Prospects: Business.

Is true as steel.

C. S. C. (7, 8).

Greenspan is very well liked by those who know him. We all wish we could see more of him socially.



HAND, EDWARD,

72 Columbia Avenue

Commercial. Prospects: Business.

Speech is great, but silence is greater.

Track (7,8); Cross Country (8); C. S. C. (8).

Eddie, despite his few words, does a great many things. As a business man, he should be a big success.



HEID, MINNIE,

246 Verona Avenue

Commercial. Prospects: Business.

Still waters run deep.

Minnie is a reserved and quiet girl. She has not taken part in school activities to a great extent, but has made up for this in her studies. She can be very sociable when she cares to.



HENDERSON, J. WILBUR,

130 Sherman Avenue

General. Prospects: Pennsylvania Military College.

Judge a man by his deeds, not by his words.

C. S. C. (6, 7, 8), Secretary (7, 8); W. H. (7); Rifle Club (7); Barnstormers (6, 7); Technical Club (8); PIVOT Assistant Advertising Manager (6), Circulation Manager (7, 8).

Despite the great amount of school work he has been doing during the last few years, Wilbur has managed to keep actively engaged in the activities of the school. Here's hoping that he keeps up the good work.



THE PIVOT



HEYER, WILLIAM, 298½ North Fifth Street

Technical. Prospects: Pratt.

Men of few words are the best men.

"Willie" is another of those boys who have very little to say, because they are busy at their work. The ability which William has shown in his art work at Central points toward a most promising career.



HIEBEL, FRANCES, 57 Fairmount Avenue

Commercial. Prospects: College.

Think naught a trifle though it small appear.

G. O. (8); G. S. C. (8).

Miss Hiebel has been with us only one term. She is a very good worker, and we are sure that she would have been an active club member had she been with us longer.



HOROWITZ, JACOB, 156 Spruce Street

General. Prospects: Yale.

He that is of a merry heart hath a continual feast.

C. S. C. (8); PIVOT (8); Senior PIVOT; Journalist Club (8); Mathematics Club.

Although a newcomer in Central, Jacob has proved his mettle. Always there with a helping hand and a ready smile, he is bound to make many friends.



HORROWITZ, SAMUEL, 171 Prince Street

Commercial. Prospects: N. Y. U.

Studious of ease and fond of humble things.

Barnstormers (6, 7); W. H. (7); Class basketball team (5, 6); Boys' A. A. (7).

Sam, as we all know, is not a very noisy person, but it is quite evident that he has the ability to get there. The application of this fact should help him immensely in his future work.

THE PIVOT

HOWARD, GRACE,

12 John Street

Commercial. Prospects: Business.

A sweet attractive kind of grace.

Camera Club (8); Barnstormers (7).

Grace is a mysterious photographer who has taken many snapshots of us without our knowledge. She is one of the most friendly, sociable, and good-natured girls of our class. We extend our heartiest good wishes to her throughout her future days.



KALB, SAM,

63 Rutgers Street

General. Prospects: Illinois Medical College.

He makes sweet music.

C. S. C. (7, 8); Mandolin Club (6, 7, 8), President (8); Mathematics Club (6, 7, 8), President (8); W. H. Debating Society (6, 7, 8); Orchestra (6, 7, 8); Boys' A. A. (7); Chairman Weekly Service Dances (8); Chairman, Chocolate Sale (8); "Twelfth Night."

Good-looking Sam, with the big dimples and the happy smile, is in the front rank of those students who have worked faithfully in behalf of Central. Some may have a longer list of activities, but few have given up as much time as Kalb.



KIELL, JOSEPH,

272 Fairmount Avenue

General. Prospects: N. Y. U. Law School.

Grand as a floorwalker.

Joe is our class dancer and ladies' man. We know that he has finally become an acceptable student, because he is graduating.



KRITZMACHER, ERNEST,

295 South Sixth Street

3½ Year Student.

Commercial. Prospects: Business.

Knowledge itself is power.

Although participating in no school activities, Kritzmacher has been a shining light in his studies, occupying a permanent berth on the honor-roll. His quiet manner has won him many friends.



I AM THE PIVOT



LIFSCHUTZ, WILLIAM,

152 Johnson Avenue

General. Prospects: U. of P.

Wit, now and then, struck smartly shows a spark.

Orchestra (5, 6, 7, 8).

Although "Lippy" has only been here for two years, he has made his presence known by his foolishness and his good playing in the orchestra. "Lippy" has some pull with the music department, because of his wonderful bass voice.



LUBOWITT, JULES

58 Stratford Place

General. Prospects: Business.

As he thinketh in his heart so is he.

C. S. C. (8); Mathematics Club.

Jules is another of the late comers to Central. We all find him very sociable and a good mixer. He has a natural talent for making good, and we feel certain that he will become wealthy, provided he gets to work on time each day.



NAVATIER, FRED,

436 Belmont Avenue

Commercial. Prospects: College.

Blushing is the color of virtue.

Freddy, as he is called by his friends, is a very reserved young man. Although he is bashful, he is equally good looking, and for this he is adored. We know he will be a success in his endeavors after leaving school, for he is a careful worker.



OFFEN, LILLIAN,

59 Broome Street

Commercial. Prospects: N. J. Law School.

There you shall find that Portia was the doctor.

W. W. (8); Glee Club (8).

Lillian is winsomely happy-go-lucky. Her pretty face, charming manners, and lovable ways have won her popularity in Central. As a lawyer, she will charm many a jury, we fear.

THE PIVOT

OKIN, ROSE,

115 Spruce Street

Arts. Prospects: Normal School.

Life was only meant for laughter.

Barnstormers (2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8); Science Club (8).

Who has not heard of Rose? Central will certainly grieve over the loss of this merrymaker. Rose believes in making the best of life, and it was she who has made us laugh in the midst of all our troubles.



POLAK, HARRY,

451 High Street

General. Prospects: Business.

His heart and hand both open and free.

W. H. (8); Mathematics Club (7, 8); Soccer Team (8); C. S. C. (8).

Harry is a big, good-natured fellow who is always ready to assist us. We all wish him luck in business.



PORTER, ERNEST,

12 Ruby Place

Commercial. Prospects: Business.

Cheerful company makes short miles.

Technical Club (6, 7, 8); Rifle Club (6, 7); Secretary (7); Centro Castellano, president (7); Mandolin Club (6, 7); PIVOT (8); Senior PIVOT; PIVOT Dance Committee (8).

Ernest is a product of Barringer, but since coming to Central he has made rapid strides, not only in the corridors, but also in stenography. We are looking forward to big things from the long-legged boy.



PRIMAMORE, PETER,

57 Summer Avenue

3 1/2 Year Student.

Commercial. Prospects: Business.

His speech was like a tangled chain.

G. O. (7); Dante Literary (6, 7).

Primamore has devoted most of his time to study and has succeeded in completing the course in three and a half years. We are sorry he did not take advantage of more of Central's clubs.





GRACE HOWARD



P. SCZIO



A. MELAPPONI



M. GREENSPAN



WILLIAM OFFEN



S. GOLDSTEIN



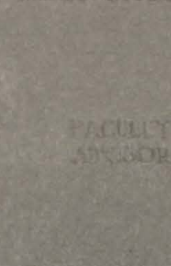
N. CICCONE



SAMUEL KARP



CENTRAL
HIGH SCHOOL



FACULTY
ADVISOR



H. GOLDSTEIN



H. D'GIOVANNI



P. WALLING



P. MORFITT



SARAH SEIDEN



R. TORREY



M. WITHERIDGE



H. SCHAUB JR.



EADIE WEISS



A. J. WEITZMAN



H. CHIVIAN



SOPHIE WOLK



B. W. MEYER



G. MOTOM



ROSE OKIN



B. SHACHT



J. ABRAMOWITZ



ANN WOLK



W. BENDER



E. FRIEDMAN



A. SLOMNICKI



E. KRITZMACHER



P. CARDINALE



S. HOROWITZ



MINNIE HEID



L. STEINFELD

PRESIDENT
OF CLASS



F. NAVATIER



J. FINGERHUT



M. GREENBERG



LEROY STEIN



PRINCIPAL
WILLIAM WIENER



HARRY POLAK



V. SALERNO



E. DOUGLAS



JOSEPH KIELL



ELENI FIYAD



F. PORTER



S. BRATTIE



F. HIEBEL



EDWARD HAND



H. WOOLF



D. GOLDSTEIN



V. MESTRICH



FRANK TOCCO



F. ANDERSON



D. PRIATORE



ETHIA YATES



J. HOROWITZ

PHOTO BY
CRESCENT STUDIO

THE PIVOT



ROCCO, FRANK,

47 Clifton Avenue

Happy am I, from care I am free.

Dante (6, 7, 8); W. W. (6); Assistant Manager track team (8).

Frank is the fellow with the ready smile and the glad hand. He is mostly occupied with his studies and so did not have time for many other school activities. Still, everyone likes him, and will remember him as a pleasant associate.



ROTUNDI, GOFFREDO,

215 Eighth Avenue

Truth hath a quiet heart.

Commercial. Prospects: Accountancy.

Dante Literary Society (6, 7, 8); Soccer team (8).

Geff has very little to say except when he does not get a passing mark. For this we sympathize with him. He is a hard worker and should make good in his chosen profession.



SALERNO, VICTOR,

40 Garside Street

Commercial. Prospects: Business.

Unemotional as a frozen flounder.

President, Dante Literary (8); Centro Castenello (8); Varsity Club; Cross Country.

Vic is a quiet and demure little fellow. He does running as a side line and has made a success of it. To those of us who know him very well, he is good-hearted and sociable. He should succeed in business, judging from his serious attention to his studies.



SCHAUB, HARRY, JR.,

632 Fifteenth Avenue

PRESIDENT OF G. O.

Commercial. Prospects: Business.

Work is life to me.

Prize PIVOT agent (2); C. S. C. (6, 7, 8); PIVOT (3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8), Business Manager (7, 8); Executive Committee of G. O. (6, 7); President of G. O. (8); President Science Club (8); Assistant Manager Track Team (7); Manager Cross Country Team (8).

Schaub's activities speak for themselves. He has accomplished a great deal and has been on the jump every minute. Judging from Harry's work on the business staff of THE PIVOT we predict a bright future for him in the business world.

THE PIVOT

SHACHAT, BENNIE,

35 Waverly Avenue

Technical. Prospects: Stevens.

No good work is ever lost.

C. S. C. (5, 6, 7, 8); W. H. Debating Society (8); Mathematics Club (1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8).

Bennie has done some exceptionally fine technical work while at Central. He has also been an ardent worker in behalf of his clubs.



SLOMNIGER, ABRAHAM M.,

159 Charlton Street

3½-Year Student.

General. Prospects: Undecided.

Conscientious industry is bound to produce fruit.

Orchestra (1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8); Secretary Orchestra (7); Concert Master (8); Secretary W. W. (8).

Although "Abe" has devoted most of his time to the orchestra, he has still found time enough to do good work in his studies. He has not belonged to many clubs, but is known as a fairly good mixer.



SOZIO, PASQUALE,

243 Eighth Avenue

General. Prospects: Normal.

Nothing is impossible to industry.

Orchestra (1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8); Pres. (8); Dante (6, 7, 8); W. W. (8); Gym Exhibition (6, 7); Soccer 8).

Pasquale is the fellow who is in demand at our Friday afternoon dances, and, in fact, wherever musical entertainment is needed. He can perform on the drum, string, and wired instruments, and be quite sociable when he wants to.



TORREY, RUSSELL,

243 Lincoln Avenue

Technical. Prospects: Stevens.

No torment is so bad as love.

Baseball (1, 3); Football (5); Treasurer 4B Class; Secretary-Treasurer Webster-Hayne (8); Manager Central Independents (8).

Russell has been active both in athletics and in clubs. He is somewhat of a politician and ran for President of the G. O. In his quiet way, Russell forges ahead.



THE PIVOT



WALLING, FLORENCE, 15 Shepherd Avenue

Commercial. Prospects: Nursing and Missionary Work.

They serve God well

Who serve his creatures.

Outside interests have kept Florence from joining our school activities, and she has sometimes been unfairly judged as queer. In reality, she is an energetic worker, willing to help everybody along. Those who know her well love her. She has chosen that which she thinks will be most beneficial to others, as her future work. She is particularly well fitted for the task.



WEISS, FANNIE, 168 Livingston Street

General German. Prospects: Normal School.

Her voice was ever soft.

W. W. (6, 7, 8); Clionia (6, 7); Barnstormers (7); Journalist Club (8); G. S. C. (8); PIVOT (8).

A conscientious little bit of a person is Fannie. She is clever and we all know it. She has a smile and a wink of the eye for everyone. Lucky kiddies who get "Miss Weiss" for a teacher, say we.



WITHERIDGE, MARGERY, 96 Bergen Street

Commercial. Prospects: Business.

I would help others out of fellow feeling.

G. S. C. (5, 6, 7, 8), G. O. delegate (8); Gym Exhibition (5); Winner Silver Medal Shorthand Contest (7).

"Margy," though one of our quietest girls, is a most obliging and well-liked person. She is a good mixer and is quite prominent in the big doings of the school. She already is headed on the road to business success with a fine beginning to help her.



WOHL, ABE, 49 Hillside Place

General. Prospects: University of Pennsylvania.

Splitting the air with noise.

Barnstormers (6, 7, 8); PIVOT (8); Football (6, 8); Tennis Club (6, 7, 8); W. W. (8); Cartoonist Club (7, 8), President (8); A. A. (1, 2, 3, 4); G. O. executive board (8).

Although Abe is rather noisy, he has the interest of Central and of his class at heart, and has always done his best to aid them, as we can see by his list of activities. Abe is strong for cartooning and we all expect him to make good as a follower of "Rube" Goldberg.

THE PIVOT

WOOLF, HARRIET,

480 South Thirteenth Street

Special. Prospects: Travel.

Modest and shy as a nun is she.

Barnstormers (2, 3); Vice-President 3A Class; Secretary 4B Class.

Harriet Woolf is an optimist. Whatever may occur, Hattie is always sure to find something pleasant "to drive dull care away." We wish her success in her travels around the world.



YATES, EMMA,

14 Duryee Street

Technical. Prospects: Music.

May fortune wait on her.

Emma is shy and reserved, but she is studious and we know that she has always done very well in her lessons. But she has certainly sprung a surprise on us. We never suspected that she was musical.



BOLLES, ALAN,

618 Clifton Avenue

Commercial. Prospects: College.

And had a face like a blessing.

To us Alan appears to be very quiet and modest. Although he has been inactive outside his studies, we know he has those qualities that will some day make him famous. His good looks will help to make him a real "rah rah" boy during the next four years.

CAMPBELL, MARTIN,

42 Coeyman Street

Technical. Prospects: Undecided.

Blue were his eyes as the fairy flax.

His cheeks like the dawn of day.

Track Team (7); Glee Club (8); Football (8).

Despite his good looks, Campbell's ego has not become unduly large. No one looking at Martin can deny that he has been well fed on "Campbell's Soups." We all expect Campbell to "make" the grand opera stage.

FAUSTO, NICHOLAS,

21 Clifton Avenue

Commercial. Prospects: Business.

As mad as a March hare.

Fausto is a really jovial sort of a chap, and we find him very interesting except when the cards are given out. He has not taken advantage of the activities of Central. When he gets over his grouch, we can expect some big things.

FOGEL, RAYMOND,

97 Highland Avenue

Technical. Prospects: Undecided.

Soccer team (8).

"Ray" has not supported enough activities, due to outside work, to make him a general favorite. By showing a little more pep and willingness to mix he might have become as well known and popular as any of the class. His quiet good humor and persistence should help him in whatever work he takes up.

THE PIVOT

MENDEL, ELEANOR, 534 South Eleventh Street
General German. Prospects: Normal School.

Oh, she will sing the savageness out of a bear.

G. S. C. (6, 7, 8); W. W. (5, 6, 7, 8); Clionia (6, 7).

A wee bit of active humanity is Eleanor. It is almost impossible to enumerate Ellie's friends. Her bright smile "does the trick."

SEIFRIED, LORETTA, 9 Littleton Avenue
General German. Prospects: Normal School.

And her sunny locks hang on her temples like a golden fleece.

G. S. C. (3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8); Girls' A. A. (3, 4); Glee Club (4).

Loretta usually attends to her own affairs, but we wish she would "butt" into ours more frequently, for we enjoy her company at all times.

TLUSTY, RUTH, 46 Sterling Street
Commercial. Prospects: Business.

The sweetest thing that ever grew.

G. S. C. (5, 6, 7, 8); Glee Club (2, 8); Japanese operetta.

Ruth makes people love her at first sight. She is a conscientious worker, yet for all that is ever ready to join in the "fun" that goes on. She has a kind heart as well as a sweet face, and it has been a pleasure to have her in our class.

Initials and What They Stand For

By SARAH D. SEILER

Fanny Abramson—Fair Angel
Stuart Beattie—Solemn Bachelor
Alan Bolles—American Beauty
Abraham Breitbarth—Amazing Brains
Martin Campbell—Makes Cheerful
Pasquale Cardinale—Patient Chap
Herman Chivian—Helpful Companion
Nicholas Ciccone—Never Conceited
Harry D'Giovanni—Hackensack Dandy
Edward Douglas—Editing Devil
Sophie Dwork—So Divine
Nicholas Fausto—Never Fresh
Alice Fillipone—Always Frank
Joseph Fingerhut—Justly Famous
Eleanor Floyd—Ever Friendly
Raymond Fogel—Renowned Flyer
Edward Friedman—Earnest Forever
David Goldberg—Dangerous Grind
Saul Goldstein—Some Grind
Max Greenberg—Makes "Geld"
Max Greenspan—Mysteriously Graceful
Edward Hand—Extraordinary Head
Wilbur Henderson—Watchful Hawk
William Heyer—Wickedly High
Minnie Heid—Mostly Hidden.
Francis Hiebel—Famous Heroine
Jacob Horowitz—Joyful Heart
Sam Horowitz—Silent Helpmate
Grace Howard—Good Hope
Sam Kalb—Some Kewpie
Joseph Kiell—Jolly Kid
Ernest Kritzmacher—Eager Knight

William Lifshutz—Woeful "Lummock"
Jules Lubowitt—"Jentle Lamb"
Eleanor Mendel—Everlastingly Merry
Paul Moffitt—Popular Mixer
Fred Navatier—Few Nicer
Lillian Offen—Laughs Only
Rose Okin—Rushing Onward
Harry Polak—Handy Person
Ernest Porter—Easily Pleased
Peter Primamore—Purposely Perturbing
Frank Rocco—Famous Raver
Goffredo Rotondi—Getting Renowned
Vito Salerno—Very Stoical
Harry Schaub—How Sweet
Loretta Seifried—Lovely Silence
Sarah Seiler—Social Schoolmate
Bennie Shachat—Busy Singing
Abraham Slomniger—Able Stringer
Pasquale Sozio—Peanut Seller
Le Roy Stein—Little Speeches
Isidore Steinbock—Idolized Schoolboy
Ruth Tlusty—Rare Tulip
Russell Torrey—Really Trained
Florence Walling—Faithful Worker
Fannie Weiss—Fat Wisdom
Margery Witheridge—Marvelous Woman.
Abe Wohl—Artless Warbler
Harriet Woolf—Hates Work
Emma Yates—Endless Yearning

Note to Seniors (Girls)—If dissatisfied with anything that appears alongside your name, please change your name.

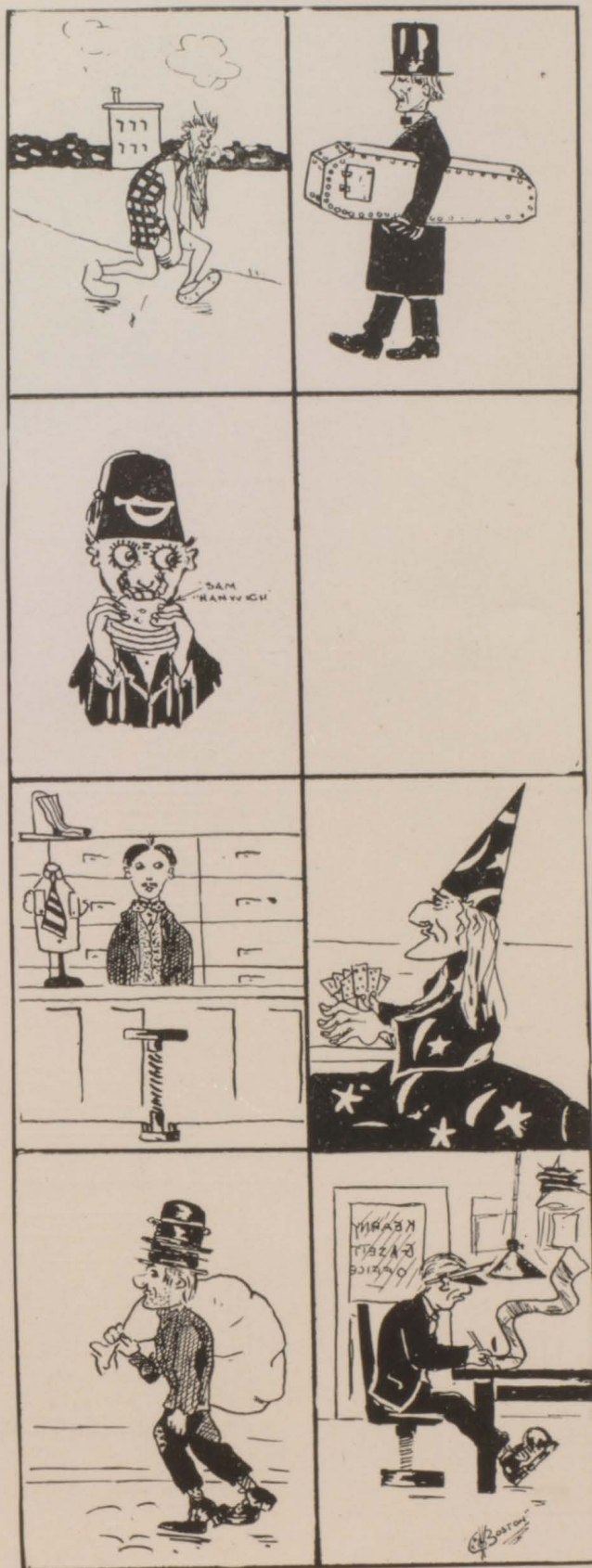
THE PIVOT

Beattie has just finished the 60-yard Marathon Championship of the World. Notice the alfalfa on his chin and the beautiful stride. It seems that age will never wear this fellow out.

Feast your eyes upon this spectacle. This is DiGiovanni, the ambassador from Turkey. He is sampling a little of the Oriental cooking of that country.

Freddy Navatier, the Star Boarder and Salesman of "Bam's Struggling Young Business Men's Association." He is the finest salesman in the employ of the firm at the terrific sum of two per.

Jake Horowitz was destined to be a "star." He has advanced to the star profession of old-clothes and rusty-iron magnate. He does not call A. G. up on the phone any more. They are already divorced.



This, dear reader, is our handsome young Beau Brummel, Undertaker Bolles. He is not the one lying in the box, as you would expect, but the one carrying it. Notice to all dead ones is hereby given.

Our own dear editor, "Duggie." Rest your binoculars on his flashy tie and fanciful spats. He is thinking deeply where his next meal is to come from. Bohemian life is simply grand! (So is a piano.)

This is not a regular gypsy, but one of those Coney Island fall-in-for-a-dime places where they tell you your fortune. Our own little Rose Okin is the chief grafter in the place. Forward March!

This is not a pugilist, but only Harry Schaub, the bustling, hustling manager of the Kearny Gazette. He is editor, printer and paper-boy for the publication.

THE PIVOT

No. This is not a fish peddler. This is our own debater Stein. He is now the head auctioneer in one of our largest five-and-ten-cent stores. He studies voice culture as a side line and for graduation.

Our prospective movie actorine has joined the forces of the old maids' sewing circle. This is a characteristic pose of our handsome breaker of young men's hearts.

After graduating from Kiell's School of Terpsichorean Art, we find Greenberg the dance manager of the Palace de Danse. But Max has that old failing, two left feet.

Ernie Porter, Head Mopper and Broom Handler of the Erie R. R. Clean-up Squad. Notice the sweating brow and fancy hair-part. Such is the life of a Porter.



This, ladies and gentlemen, is not a hot-air generator. It is our own Abe Wohl warbling sweet (?) ego hymns. That huge opening is not a tunnel, as you might suppose, but merely his mouth.

Fausto has been raised to the High Order of the Shovel and Broom. He is quite adept with both and surely deserves the promotion.

Ladies and Gentlemen: We have with us today the original dance-hall herring, Joseph Kiell. His partner is hiding behind Joe's head on the poster.

Our own Ham, born-to-be-King, Steinbock. He is not a reel actor, but merely one of the clean-up squad for the show, "The Sewing Girl's Revenge."



THE CENTRAL FACULTY

THE MORNING FORUM

This department is devoted to the interest of public speaking in Central and is not only a record of all speeches given in the auditorium, but an encouragement and friendly criticism for the benefit of our budding orators. Its purpose is to raise the standard of public speaking and to give it its due importance in this record of our activities.

Chivian, Herman, "Thanksgiving Day," November 29, 1916—A splendid talk, without any limitations this time. We noticed the improvement in position and commend it heartily.

Harvey, Cassie, "The President's Proclamation," November 29, 1916—Distinctly given in a pleasant and smooth voice, your recitation impressed us all favorably.

Bear, Fannie, "The Costume Dance," November 29, 1916—Your voice was clear and distinct and when you were through we all knew what you were after. But it is possible, remember, to be too emphatic.

Miss North, "The Glee Club," November 29, 1916—You made it our earthly ambition to become a member of the club. We would like to hear you again, Miss North.

Wohl, Abe, "The Costume Dance," December 4, 1916—Your frequent and conspicuous mistakes in grammar attracted attention, but your speech lost its value and dignity.

Rotundi, Goffredi, "The Motor Duct," December 5, 1916—A very technical subject, but we were fairly interested in what you had to say.

Dinge, Ferdinand, "Louis Pasteur," December 6, 1916—Your talk was more interesting as science than as biography. Careful preparation was evident.

Stein, Le Roy, "The Chocolate Sale," December 6, 1916—You interested and amused the audience greatly; but again we say, don't get excited.

Krantzohr, Leon, and Hauser, Gerald, "How to Listen to Music," December 6, 1916—An amusingly clever and unusual dialogue. If you had controlled your laughter, Hauser, you would have made a better impression. *Both of you should have spoken more loudly.*

Franzblau, Nathan, "Plattsburg," December 7, 1916—A very good talk, instructive and well prepared. You are to be commended for your loud and distinct voice.

Brooks, Robert, "The Indians as Farmers," December 8, 1916—Your knowledge on the subject was wide and you presented it to us in an interesting fashion.

Donney, Helen, "The Million-Dollar Mystery," December 11, 1916—You were a bit breathless and hurried, but otherwise your effort was successful.

Corson, Dr. David B., December 11, 1916—A truly eloquent and entertaining talk, which we greatly appreciated.

Balcom, Mr. Arthur A., December 11, 1916—Another speaker to whom it was most pleasant to listen.

Ganther, Alfred, "The Lock System of the Panama Canal," December 12, 1916—Your presentation of the topic was too dry, and you were too nervous to allow your speech to be of much value.

Hauser, Gerald, "THE PIVOT," December 13, 1916—Once more we urge a better position and a little more "pep." Outside of that fault, you were as amusing as ever.

Goldsmith, Minnie, "Getting Play Out of Work," December 14, 1916—A splendid topic, thoughtful ideas, and a fine position combined to make your speech a good one.

Schaeffer, Rose, "Gymnastic Exhibition," December 14, 1916—A little more spirit would have improved your talk and impressed us more; but, as a whole, it was successful.

Avidan, Samuel, "THE PIVOT," December 14, 1916—You had very good ideas and we all listened gladly because you obtained our interest and held it. A fine talk.

Luckock, Vernon, "THE PIVOT," December 15, 1916—A really original "soap-box" talk, full of fun and clean humor. We hope to hear your forceful oratory again in the future. We expect great things from you.

Neu, Beatrice, "The National Habit," December 19, 1916—Another fine talk, showing what preparation and thought can accomplish.

Davis, Rose, "Japanese Policemen," December 18, 1916—Your position added to our good opinion of your talk. Don't pronounce the word "p'licemen."

City Counsel Spaulding Frazer, "City Government," December 19, 1916—Mr. Frazer gave us some instructive facts about city government in a most interesting manner.

Katz, Fannie, "Open-Air Schools," December 20, 1916—One of the finest talks in a long time. Your position and enunciation were equally good.

SPORTS

SENIOR ATHLETICS

Stuart Beattie—Beattie is truly a made-in-Central athlete, and a runner of the first quality. When Stuart first answered to the call for track candidates two years ago, about all he had was an exceptionally long pair of legs and a strong determination to "make good." From that time on "Spider Legs" developed steadily, until at present he can kick dust in the eyes of almost any half-miler in high school athletics. In addition to his track work, Beattie has been a valuable asset to the cross-country teams of the last two seasons. During the season just completed, Beattie was captain and second man on our championship team.

Martin Campbell—Campbell is another fellow who responded to Coach Anderson's call for candidates, representing Central in the quarter, with the javelin, and with the discus. Martin also played half back on the Independents.

Nicholas Ciccone—Ciccone made an early start in athletics; he went out for track in his freshman year. He has been running ever since, and was the most experienced runner on the cross-country team last fall. Nick was elected captain of the 1915 team, but did not hit his stride that year and failed to make the team. We admire his pluck in making another bid for the team this year; he has shown some of his old form again.

David Goldberg—Goldberg has done some fine work on the basketball team during the last two seasons. Dave played a strong game at guard and proved a dangerous man near the basket. Goldberg intends

to continue his athletic work through future years, having chosen physical culture as his life work.

Edward Hand—Hand did not come out for athletics until last spring, when he answered the call for outdoor track. He at once showed his ability by making the relay team, aiding in their victories at the City, Rutgers and Princeton meets. Eddie was also a member of the team which captured the National Championship Relay at Weequahic Park last June. Besides his track work, Hand has shown his worth in the javelin throw on several occasions.

Harry Schaub—Schaub has shone as a manager of athletic teams and meets for the last two years, taking the first step along this line as one of the student managers of the Indoor Meet last year. Then he was assistant manager of the outdoor track team in the spring, and manager of the cross-country team this fall. Schaub also managed the Handicap Meet and was largely responsible for its success.

Vito Salerno—Salerno was a new member of the cross-country team this year. He showed up well, and always finished near the front in the races in which he competed.

Russell Torrey—Torrey first made his appearance in athletics as a member of the baseball team four years ago. The next year he played center on the football team. Owing to sickness, Russell was unable to go out for the team the following year. This season saw Torrey acting as booking agent for the Independents.

THE PIVOT

A SCHEDULE OF ATHLETICS

At a meeting of sixteen letter-men on December 12, Mr. Anderson outlined a plan by which only those connected with athletics should be permitted to conduct the teams and run the school's athletic organizations. A committee, consisting of Mr. Anderson, Mr. Hegeman and Louis Bronstein, was appointed to consider changes in the constitution. If carried through, the plan will effect a radical change in athletics at the school. From Mr. Anderson's outline, the plan would work well. All that remains to be done is to put it into action.

The schedule of athletics which went into effect December 18 follows, including all events since then:

Gym exhibition, December 18; annual indoor track meet, about March 1; indoor track, January 1 to end of March; indoor baseball (interclass), March 15-April 15; baseball and track, April 15-June 15; football, September 15-November 30; association soccer football (interclass), September 15-October 15; cross-country (interclass), September 15-October 15; soccer, October 15-November 25; cross-country, October 15-November 30; gym team, November 20-January 20; exhibition of boys and girls, December; basketball (interclass), December 1-January 15.

TOPICAL TIPS

"Red" Allen seems to have degenerated since he cast off the restraining hand of his Alma Mater. While attending the Fourth Avenue seminary, "Red" made the fifth place on the basketball team out of but five candidates. Straightway the Normal School team hied them to Nutley, where Charlie blacked a "nut's" eye and was hurled out of the game for using vitriolic and unduly persuasive language. Nutley forfeited the game, 11-10, but "Red" cares not. After all, what could you expect from a fellow with such a sonorous riot of color on his hat-rack?

Poor Central! Not being able to beat her, they've decided no longer to hold anything which she can possibly win. It has come to this. More explicitly, the games committee of the N. H. S. A. A. at a recent meeting favored dispensing with the outdoor athletic games of the league, unless they became less one-sided. Why not have the other schools get some teams?

At the meet last May Central ran up only 112 points against the 21 recorded by her nearest competitor. The year before she took all the gold medals except one. It comes natural to her. How can we resist taking candy from babies?

Stuart Beattie, Eddie Hand, and Leo Lalor are
(Continued on page 60)



THE CENTRAL TRACK TEAM

THE PIVOT

THE CENTRAL CROSS COUNTRY TEAM



CROSS-COUNTRY RESUME

The cross-country team of 1916 ended a very successful season by trimming the St. Benedict's harriers for the championship of New York and New Jersey, by a score of 30-25.

It was not Mr. Anderson's intention to meet the other High Street team this year, but owing to the fact that the Central team of last year had graduated with the exception of two athletes, the second and fifth men on the team, St. Benedict's saw a "golden opportunity" to avenge their defeat of the preceding year, and inasmuch as they had all of their 1915 team intact, it appeared like "easy money."

After a short but bitter controversy in the local press, November 25 was set as the date for the affair, and St. Benedict's was squashed.

The team entered in only three meets, but won all by a comfortable margin. Last year's N. H. S. championship was repeated. Central's nearest competitor was Barringer, with 122 points against the 87 totalled by the Central boys.

The only other meet was against East Orange on the Branch Brook course. Central won, 18-37.

The members of the team who were honored with emblems were: Captain Stuart Beattie, Victor Woodruff, Eddie Hand, Leo Lawler, Vito Salerno, Nicholas Ciccone, Howard Greene, and Manager Harry Schaub. Assistant Manager Frank Rocco was awarded a second team emblem.

BASKETBALL OUTLOOK

Basketball is on the way. Manager Sam Satz has booked a strenuous schedule. This year's team will be the lightest in the history of the school, but this fact will not deteriorate the quality of ball the team will put up. "Light but speedy" is the way "Doc" Sargent puts it, and the schedule will give the team ample opportunity to prove the assertion.

About twenty-five reported for practice at the call before the Christmas holidays.

Sam Hyman, the diminutive star of last year, and Louis Bronstein are expected to be the bulwarks of this year's team. Others who will make strong bids for the first team are: Lerhoff, Rosenblum, Goepfert, Schoenhaus, Fellowes, Hauser, Joralemon, Goldberg, and Drabble.

THE "GYM" EXHIBITION

BY ROSE DUFFY.

[This is the last of a series of three descriptive articles from the typewriter of this talented—as we have remarked before—young actress and writer. This article is a description of the long-heralded event of which we heard so much last fall.—Editor's note.]

Have you ever stopped to think what it means to be a celebrity? If you have never given it a thought, just ask one of the performers who took part in our gym exhibition. They will probably tell you that on the evening of December 18, 1916, there seemed to be only one group of important persons in the world—themselves. And if you have ever taken an important part in anything like a gym exhibit you will heartily agree with them. It is perfectly natural for each individual to have an important opinion of himself, and it is really this spirit which makes the exhibition a success. Each girl, as she appears, expresses pure joy and happiness in her face and actions. Her feeling is one of ecstasy.

Can you imagine the happiness of seventy-five girls as they marched out on the floor and heard the applause from all sides of the gym? Can you imagine their feelings when this part of the program went off without a single mistake? The "Swedish Day's Order" was extremely well done. This was followed by buck jumping, running, and marching. Altogether, the girls deserve the highest praise.

After some wonderful feats by the boys, the audi-

ence was requested to go up to the auditorium where a very novel performance was staged.

The entrance of about twelve wild Russians and the performance of a marvelous dance now held the attention of the spectators. This was performed by the Senior and Junior classes, and we may here add very confidentially—we won the prize. [Miss Duffy is a senior or junior, we forget which—she's been both so long.—Ed.]

The next dance was performed by the second year class and was entitled "Forest Spirits." This was very well done, and if we were living in the age of fable, I would advise the girls to leave school and become nymphs.

Next came the dear little Irishmen in a dance called "Village Bells," and it must have been a wonderful village to have so many charming belles.

The third part of the program was a garden scene in which were sleeping flowers, butterflies, and a little girl. Clara Haug performed the first dance, the "Fairy Queen." It was a toe-dance, and we should give Clara lots of credit because she has never taken a lesson in toe-dancing. Helen Lilien was the next flower to appear in a dance, "Columbine," and then Edith Miller in "Waltz of the Flowers." These dances were the essence of grace and received great

(Continued on page 67)



No. 1 PIVOT PICTURE CONTEST No. 2

The contest held last month proved so successful that THE PIVOT is presenting another of the same sort. The pictures reproduced on either side are of two members of the Central faculty, as they were some years ago. Guess who they are and hand your answer or answers to Mr. Lewin in 401 before January 26. Number your answers to correspond to the numbers by the pictures, and put them on a slip of paper giving your name and home-room. The answers will be placed in a box, and the first correct answer to each picture to be drawn will receive a year's subscription to THE PIVOT. The correct answers will be given next month.





PIVOTICKLES

THE SENIOR'S DREAM

Once with never a bit of sadness, bright Senior, full of gladness,
Sought a savings bank of power, which a wealthy aspect bore.
With his right hand clasping tightly that diploma he'd earned rightly,
He was ushered in politely, by the man who walked the floor.
"I'm a graduate from Central, and a place here would adore."
This he said, and nothing more.

But—

Never moving, never flitting, near the midnight oil he's sitting,
With a book upon his knees and other books upon the floor;
And his eyes from sleep are blinking, and his heart with fear is sinking,
While his mind is ever thinking of exams which are in store.
Lo! That bank with all its treasures, all the fame, the joy, the pleasures,
Will he ever reach such measures?
Just a dream—and nothing more.

ELIZABETH A. MIELE.

Et Tu, Brute!

Prof.—"What is the shape of the earth?"
Lillian Offen—"Round."
Prof.—"How do you know?"
Lil—"All right, then, it's square. I don't feel like starting an argument."

Four Years Before the Mast

Green Book.....	Freshman
Smart Set.....	Sophs
Life.....	Juniors
Judge.....	Seniors

MOTHER GOOSE UP TO DATE

A dillar, a dollar, a ten o'clock scholar,
What makes you come so soon?
You used to come at ten o'clock,
But now you come at 12:30 and go to school all afternoon till supper time. We feel sorry for you, even if you stay up all night and sleep in the morning.

Oh, Mr. Snob, pull down your nose,
Or else I'll step on all your toes.

Things We Can't Forget

Steinbock's humor.
Somebody's spats.
Moffitt's smiling map.
Stein's oratorical spasms.
Delightful hours in 217.
Hand's Pompadour de la Wildemanne.

Feldman—"Wise men hesitate, fools are certain?"
Ethel Pearl—"Are you certain?"
Feldman—"I am."

He Looked the Part Anyway

When William C. Berry was a little boy he came home from play, one afternoon, with his clothing pierced above and below with many holes.
"For goodness' sake, Billy," shrieked his mother, "what on earth have you been doing?"
"We've been playing grocery store," said Billy calmly; "and everyone was something in it. I was the Swiss cheese."

Going Down

Teacher—"Put away that lunch, Sommer."
George (eating still faster)—"That's what I am doing, your honor."

Eddie—His Space

To You, Gentle Reader

It is very hard to uphold one's reputation as the class wit when one gives a thought to leaving, for "scheiden tut weh," despite my over-indulgence (in years) in high school life. The time has come when I must leave, forcibly, if I do not graduate, and I am taking this advantage of my control over space in THE PIVOT to bid a premature farewell, and to leave a permanent record of gratitude to my numerous friends and acquaintances. While of course it is out of place and impossible to mention names, I wish sincerely to thank those members (most members) of the faculty who have been of such valuable service to me in one way or another. Likewise to those fellows and girls in all classes of the student body whose friendship or acquaintance it has been my good fortune to enjoy, I thank equally sincerely for pleasant hours and encouraging words. To one whose path has not been strewn entirely with roses, encouraging words and cheery smiles have been most welcome, and in this way, extraordinary as it may seem, I hope I have shown that they were always appreciated.

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot?"

I hope not, and even before I leave, I am looking forward to those happy moments in the future when I may meet some of my old friends, either on new ground or old.

That is not all that I would like to say, either, but you know what paper and ink cost.

The general complaint against THE PIVOT up till last month was that the editor was too fussy about letting his name get in the paper. And when I ceased my vigilance—"What is this, anyway, an advertisement for the editor and business manager?" It was ever thus!

One thing against spats, anyhow. Two more things to take off before you sneak upstairs early in the morning.

Speaking of them, it reminds me that nearly every one of those who have remarked so much about my wearing them either has them now, or is desirous of borrowing mine.

On Looking at a Picture of a One-armed Man
(Apologies to Tennyson, or Smith, or somebody like that.)

The mere fact
That a golfer has only one arm
Does not prevent him from
Effectively "addressing" the ball.

Those proverbs were all written when times were different than they are now. Used to be that the "borrower was servant to the lender." Now, if you hope to get the filthy lucre back again, it's "the lender is servant to the borrower."

To My Critics

"What others say of me matters little. What I myself say and do, matters much."

Stopping to think of it, it is quite an accomplishment for one who has never studied linguistics outside of first-year German (through about three years) to know how to spell and pronounce all the names of his classmates.

X-ray picture of the thoughts of a man who has slipped on the ice, and landed on his head.

Might add that the "photo" depicting your Eddie as a fashion plate got in, not because he wished to leave posterity a picture of himself, but because the business manager has such a good pull with the printer that he can get him to re-make a page.

What fools these mortals be! They wish for the end of the term at the beginning, and when the end (with its examinations) does come, they start wishing that it was just beginning.

Only natural that Minnie Heid should win the quietest girl contest—you can't Heid your light under a bushel without somebody's falling over it in the dark sooner or later.

As far as I could see without my glasses, no fellow was over-anxious to be voted the most studious in the class. Fools!

The appropriateness of the large letters in the word "help" on the city refuse cans never appealed to me until I saw one of them lying on its side in the gutter.

L'etat, c'est moi!

Having completed his work to the best of his ability under the existing conditions, THE PIVOT board extends to his readers a glad good-bye and turns over the reins of criticism to his successor, the 11th PIVOT board, with best wishes, etc.

Your affectionate (girls only),
Yours truly (boys only),

EDITOR H. DOUGLAS.

Essays of Eddie

ON EXAMINATIONS

Examinations fall roughly into two classes, good and bad. The first class is subdivided again into two classes, no good and good for nothing. Almost all classes who go to school fall roughly into examinations. Sometimes a leg is broken in the fall, but more often the ill effects come just before or right after the examination—either a splitting headache or a broken heart, according to its chronological position in regard to the exam. A few people take exams because they want to. They are usually examined for sanity immediately afterward. Most folks, however, have 'em forced upon them. Such are high school and college students.

A sensible question on an examination paper is about as rare as a green egg in a cold storage plant. Usually they are questions that the examiner wishes to get a consensus of opinion on. It is easily seen that if a geometry teacher knew the answer to a proposition, he wouldn't ask a class of poor unfortunates to prove it for him. That's a self-evident truth. It's the only one in geometry.

The big difference between the results of an examination and a ten-spot is about 6, with the odds in favor of the tenner. More explicitly, three hours of the right kind of work will net you about ten dollars, but if you are taking an exam you will get about four on the scale of ten.

An examination is a great deal like this Hawaiian music one hears so much at present—the kind written in this country. The person who writes it doesn't know what he's writing about. Anybody who ever took an exam can tell you that. Taking an exam is also like visiting a cabaret. You pay to get into the game and you pay to get out. And once inside you can't get a look-in on the show. Somebody's always in the way or the waiter is carting off the food, which he seems to think you don't like. Very good of him. Well, it's the same way in an exam. Your ignorance is always in the way, or else a teacher. The examined is usually a waiter—waiting for the bell. Speaking of bells, puts the exam in the light of a boxing match. You get knocked out when you first mitt your contestant, the paper, and if you don't come to before the closing bell, you're counted out.

The exam paper is the teacher's best friend—on it he can ask you questions he wouldn't dare slap you in the face with personally. It is also your worst enemy—what's sauce to the goose, etc. Not implying anything about the teacher getting the sauce, of course. Some are born great—they write the exams; some achieve greatness—they succeed in passing the exams; while some have greatness thrust upon them—their's

the poor creatures who hold up the burden of the first class; in short, the examined.

The big difference between an exam and an egg which no longer dares to show itself anywhere except in restaurant cooking isn't. One's as bad as the other. Bugs Baer wrote a whole two-cylinder newspaper column on eggs, but he forgot that. Personally, we'd rather have to talk back to the eggs than the exams.

Every G. O. constitution ought to have an ex post facto amendment reading: "Examinations shall hereafter be illegal in this school, with two years' imprisonment for each question asked within the last seven years. This clause to go into effect immediately. Any teacher attempting to give an exam in the future shall receive five years at hard labor—answering exam questions."

The first part would average us for the past, the second would protect us in the future. Always have been strong for that protectionist stuff, even if Hughes didn't win. If examinations were to be abolished, there would be no more labor troubles in the high schools and colleges. The board of education would not have to worry about the Socialists getting a hold on the schools. They wouldn't want it.

No question about it, is there? Sometime in the far future, the Bible will tell about the Good Samaritan thusly:

33 But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where they gave examinations, and when he saw the poor students, he had compassion on them.

34 And went to them, and took away their papers, pouring balm on the excited teachers, and set them in his motor car, and brought them to and in, and took care of them.

35 And on the morrow when he departed, he took out two pence, and gave them to the teachers, and said unto them: Take care to give no more examinations, and whatsoever ye spend more, when I come again, I will repay ye.

36 Which now of these several, thinkest thou, was neighbor unto them that fell among the thieves?

Passing an exam without half killing yourself is about as rare an occurrence as spending all your Christmas money on presents for the family and remembering that you have forgotten your best girl—it can't happen.

Everybody knows the name of the person who founded the first school, but it's as hard to find out who originated exams as it is to buy a present that the recipient will like. He does well to keep hidden. There are too many football players in the scholastic world for his safety. We favor capital punishment as

(Continued on page 68)

THE PIVOT

With swinging hands and shuffling feet,
The noise comes ploughing down the street;
With unkempt hair that should be cut,
He surely does look like—D'Ambola!

Times Do Change

Julia Schneider (in her autobiography)—“When I first came to Central I was only a little girl and very cute. I had long curls and wore a big bow on my hair. Everybody used to call me ‘Kitten’.”

Huff—“Does anyone know where I can get hold of Hawkins this period?”

Guff—“Certainly. By the back of the neck.”

Heath—“What's the difference between ‘Pommes de terre’ and potatoes?”

Whyte—“Oh, about two dollars.”

We are told that G. Rotundi thinks he is the best-looking boy in the graduating class, but he is a bit bashful about saying so. Just ask him.

Ambiguous

Muenster—“I asked her if I might see her home.”
Schmon—“And?”

Fred—“She said that she would be glad to send me a picture of it.”

How About It?

The sheep are in the meadow,
The cows are in the grass,
And all the little bits of rubes
Are in the 1-B class.

Elsie Schaller—“Wilma, you should not go out in the rain. You know your rubbers have holes in them.”

Wilma Fink—“Yes, I know, but they also have pumps in them.”

Warning

Little 1-B (looking at Horowitz, with his spats on)—“Look at the funny man!”

Horowitz—“Look here, youngster, you're not talking to a student, you're addressing a senior.”

The Class Ballot

THE CLASS BALLOT.

The following results form the consensus of opinion of the Senior A Class in regard to the honors (and otherwise) listed on the ballot. The election was held at a regular meeting of the class, when the vote was recorded. The first name given in this list received the largest number of votes, the second name the second largest number:

MOST POPULAR GIRL
Ruth Tlusty, Rose Okin.
MOST POPULAR BOY
I. Steinbock, Stuart Beattie.
BEST LOOKING BOY
Paul Moffitt, Alan Bolles.
BEST LOOKING GIRL
Ruth Tlusty, Margery Witheridge.
BEST BOY ATHLETE
Stuart Beattie, Edward Hand.
BEST GIRL ATHLETE
Grace Howard, Sophie Dwork.
BEST BOY TALKER
Abraham Breitbarth, Le Roy Stein.
BEST GIRL TALKER
Fannie Abramson, Sarah Seiler.
BEST DRESSER
Edward H. Douglas, Paul Moffitt.
BEST ALL-ROUND GIRL
Margery Witheridge, Sarah Seiler.
BEST ALL-ROUND BOY
Harry Schaub, I. Steinbock.
BEST MIXER
I. Steinbock, Max Greenberg.

BIGGEST PEST
Le Roy Stein, Abe Wohl.
MOST STUDIOUS BOY
Joseph Fingerhut, Edward Kritzmacher.
MOST STUDIOUS GIRL
Fannie Abramson, Fannie Weiss.
BEST GIRL DANCER
Lillian Offen, Ruth Tlusty.
QUIETEST GIRL
Minnie Heid, Florence Walling.
QUIETEST FELLOW
Raymond Fogel, William Heyer.
BIGGEST BLUFFER
Abe Wohl, Paul Moffitt.
BEST SINGER
Ruth Tlusty, Harriet Woolf.
CLASS BABY
Tie between Le Roy Stein and Eleanor Mendel.
WITTIEST PERSON
Edward H. Douglas, William Lifshutz.
BEST POLITICIAN
Harry Schaub, Jules Lubowitt.
LIVELIEST BOY
Is. Steinbock, Harry Schaub.
LIVELIEST GIRL
Rose Okin, Sarah Seiler.
HARDEST WORKER
Edward H. Douglas, Harry Schaub.
MOST OBLIGING PERSON
Margery Witheridge, Saul Goldstein.
BIGGEST BRAGGART
Abe Wohl, Le Roy Stein.
BEST BOY DANCER
Joseph Kiell, Ernest Porter.

SOME OF THE MORE OR LESS
ILLUSTRIOUS SENIORS WE KNOW—



AB HOC ET AB HAC

A Shortage Somewhere?

An advertisement of a popular spectacular play has this to say of two of its attractions:

5,000 People
4,000 Costumes

"Do you know May?"

"May who?"

"Mayonnaise."

"Oh, yes, I know now whom you mean. I called on her one evening but she wouldn't let me in."

"So, why not?"

"She said she was dressing."

Berry—"Are you going to vote for Torrey?"

Miss Dwork—"No."

Berry—"Why?"

Miss Dwork—"Because I support a Whig."

Some Things to Think About

If all were as free with money as with advice, what a world of spendthrifts this would be.

There was a time when the founder of the vegetarian diet was hailed as a deliverer—but with the present cost of edibles we need someone who can show us how to eat without eating at all.

Alas, Alack, Oh Woe!

There is a boy in our class
And he is wondrous wise.
He can lick most anyone,
No matter what his size.

He shines at all the social stunts,
At football he's a bear.
He can do the fancy punts,
And never turn a hair.

He does a mile five minutes flat,
Without the least fatigue.
He knocks all home runs at the bat,
He's leader of the league.

He has a shining pompadour,
His eyes as bright as an eagle's;
He has ears attuned to every sound,
And nose sharp as a beagle's.

Alas, this youth of promise fair,
Of noble mien and shining hair,
Of eagle eye and social fame,
Of honor in every kind of game,

HE FLUNKED.

The fellow who sits still and does what he is told will never be told to do big things. Think beyond your job. Nothing is more fatal to success than taking your work as a matter of course. The surest way to qualify for the job just ahead is to work a little harder than anyone else on the job one is holding down. Don't be afraid to start at the bottom. Bare hands grip success better than kid gloves.

Trying the Dog on Him

"Come right into the yard," said the farmer's wife cordially to the tramp who had besought something to eat.

The tramp eyed the bulldog dubiously. "I dunno 'bout dat," he said. "How 'bout dat dorg? Will he bite?"

"I don't know," said the housewife, "I just got him today and that's what I want to find out."

Tennyson Had Nothing on Him

"They say Tennyson frequently worked a whole afternoon on a single line," said the literary enthusiast.

"That's nothing," said the poor clod seated beside him. "I know a man who has been working the last eight years on a single sentence."

Of thirteen brothers he was one
And sad to say the youngest
Sun.

Hither and thither he did run,
He had so very little
Mon.

His taxes they were overdue,
The water and the gas were
Tue.

There's only one thing left, he said,
A wealthy maiden I will
Wed.

And then he found, yes, really rather,
That into debt he sank still far
Thur.

At last he rose and gave a sigh,
Oh, I am in an awful
Fri.

Down by the lake they found his hat
A coroner upon it
Sat.

THE PIVOT

Fables

Once upon ye Time there was ye Pivot Board,
who satisfied ye School every Month.

* * *

Once, there was ye Teacher in English, who never
gave below Seven in ye Subject.

* * *

Also, there was a Team at Central, which always
won ye Game.

* * *

There was a Meeting of ye Camera Club that was
largely attended.

* * *

There was ye Pivot Board Meeting, where plenty
of Suggestions were given ye Editor.

* * *

Once, there was ye Central Car, at 8:55 A. M.,
that was not crowded.

* * *

Again, there was ye Pupil, who asked for ye Sick
Slip, and was sick unto death.

* * *

Also, there was ye bright day, when there was no
detention.

* * *

There never was ye poster that was not marked up
by ye fool nuisance.

* * *

It was EVER thus.

From Our Own Lord Chesterfield's Son

Dear Old Man:

What's the big idea in all the goody-goody stuff?
Don't we get enough lecturing on manners from the
teachers? Write me a few good jokes for THE
PIVOT, there's a good scout. Quit handing out that
heavenly line of dope, pop, and you'll get more letters
from me, and no mistake.

Your son,

JAWN.

A Central Mystery Story

EARLY one morning a GOODMAN in ragged
GARB lay basking in a FIELD. He was FAST
a SLEEP WHEN a YOUNG HUNTER attacked
a BLACK BEAR in a nearby WOOD. FRANK
(our hero) FOOTE it for the MIELE and saw the
BEAR LAND-ON a LEAN fellow whom he NEU
to be a RICH JUDGE. He KRIPPLE(D) the
BEAR and administered some WILSON to the
JUDGE, who said he would SPEAK to the KING
about this FELLOW'S bravery. Now he is a RICH
MILLER in GREENE HILL, a few MILES
from the FIELD of combat. He is really "the
KATZ."

Our Secretarial Course will prepare you to hold a high grade position.

If you have begun a Business Training Course in Central High
you should inquire about our Special Finishing Course. Call or write
for our catalog. Students admitted at any time.

Special Mid-Year Opening, February 1st to 15th

COLEMAN National COLLEGE
Academy and Halsey Streets,

Newark, N. J.

J. KUGLER, Jr., Principal

Leading School of Isaac Pitman Shorthand

"FILL-INS"

Walter R. Greene, a former Centralite, is in the moving-picture business at Toronto, Ontario, Canada. He is the manager of the Strand Studio, and has two camera-men under his charge. In addition, he is the Ontario representative for two "movie" trade journals, and sends "copy" regularly to New York City. Walter writes that there are very few young men now in the Toronto High School, the students having enlisted for service in the British trenches overseas, preferring death to education.

The secret marriage on December 28 of Miss Anna H. Weinberg to Arthur Friedman, an auto tire dealer of Cleveland, O., became known just a few hours before the couple left for their honeymoon tour to Southern California.

Miss Weinberg became acquainted with her husband when he came to this city to visit his parents shortly before Thanksgiving Day. On December 28 the couple slipped to the home of Rabbi Solomon Foster and were married.

Not until the next day did the parents of the couple get an inkling of what had taken place. They were met by their friends at the Lackawanna station that morning shortly before taking a train for the West.

Miss Weinberg, who graduated from Central in January, 1916, has been seen on the screen in this city on many occasions, having appeared in Pathe pictures.

**Good bye,
Good luck,
God bless you!**

HARRY SCHAUB, Jr.
EDWARD H. DOUGLAS.

**"Good-bye, Good-bye, this
parting is such sweet sorrow."**

SOPHIE E. DWORK
and
SARA D. SEILER

Among those graduating this term, one pair which has worked together almost constantly for the good of the school is Max Greenberg and Sam Kalb. In addition to their other activities, they did much to put the G. O. on a firm basis by running the chocolate sales and affairs. Both of them worked hard to bring about more sociability between the members of the student body by taking such an active interest in the weekly dances. Their services will indeed be missed in the future.

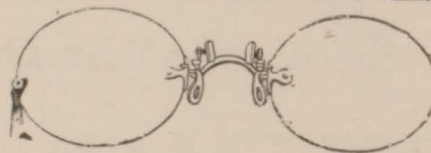
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The highest standards in eating-places have established the success of this restaurant in less than three months. Always open, selling the best of food at a moderate price, with special attention being given to women, we take pleasure in placing ourselves at your service.

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The Students

of

“The Gibbs Room”

“101”

THE PIVOT

A MEETING OF THE C. H. S.

(Minutes as recorded by the hands of the clock.)

8:00 A. M. Enter first students; members of the Flunkers' Club returning from last night's revelry.

8:15 and on. Early birds drop in in little flocks.

8:30. Milk Wagon Club starts its session.

8:45. Late milk men and early regulars make entrance. Also business manager Harry Schaub, Jr.

8:50. Enter Eddie, who is immediately besieged by aspiring and expiring poetasters, writers, copy-boys, complainers, publicity seekers, and the like.

8:51-9:00. Regulars come in and warm up for work. Editor writes half a dozen press notices, editorials, letters, and poems. Puts typewriter out of commission for day.

9:00-12 M. Late comers straggle in. Most of the students busy at work, or play, as the case may be. Some doing their best to get a much-needed hour in 217 after school.

12:35 P. M. Matinee crew enters as milk-wagon crew goes off duty. Lunch hour for regulars.

1:20. Back on the job again till three, when club meetings start.

4:00. Most clubs adjourn, receptions continue, dances now well under way, 217 discharges its victims, who disperse at the dances or meetings, and matinee crowd gets restless.

4:30. Matinee lets out, meetings wind up, as do a few receptions. Rat-hole takes on added life, till it

becomes a regular Latin quarter, full of conviviality.

5:00. Everyone of importance gone home, or elsewhere. Schaub, Steinbock, Moffitt, and Eddie start to leave, before the Janitor cleans out.

6:30. Above quartet still going, but yet to leave. Finally "get the gate" to return again for evening school, lecture, back work, or a dance.

12:00 A. M. Out again till tomorrow, with many misgivings.

Might as well get this thing straight now before the term is over. It's Leo Samuels we're calling a nuisance and a pest—not Jerome.

MARTIN HORBACH

Fancy Cakes and Pastry

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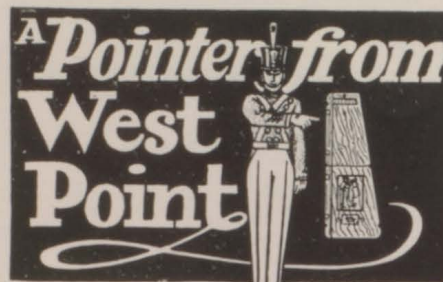
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LESS THAN
1c A MONTH

Take a tip from West Point Cadets, the best turned out men in the world—**press your trousers by a Heatless method**, as they do. Don't let the tailor scorch your trousers with hot irons while the wet steam rots the cloth. Get the famous West Point trouser crease, knifelike from belt to boot—by automatic pressing. It's only \$1.00 for

Leahey's HEATLESS Trouser Press

Prot. by U. S. letters patent

No operating cost for this wonderful money-saver. First cost the last cost. No worry, no inconvenience, no loss of time, no skill required.

New Trousers for Old every day of your life. Be spick and span—be envied for your appearance. Good appearance pays banker or clerk.

Less than a Penny a Month

Makes you the best-groomed man in your set for the rest of your life. It's a Creaser, a Presser, a Stretcher, and a Hanger, all com-

bined in one. Fold the HEATLESS Press with trousers in it, in suitcase, closet—over back of chair—ANYWHERE! Your trousers last 50% longer.

Cut Out Tailor's Bills Takes one minute to put trousers in Heatless Press. Automatically ready in the morning. This press pays for itself the first month in tailor's bills saved.

Try It—At Our Risk Mail the Company. Inquire in Pivot office for descriptive circular.

10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL GUARANTEED

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Enclosed please find \$1 for which please send me postpaid the Leahey's HEATLESS Trousers Press. If at the end of 10 days I do not wish to keep it, I will return it to you and you will return my dollar.

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(Continued from page 46)

in danger of the A. A. U.'s wrath for "lying down" in that memorable mile run at the "Gym" exhibition.

The St. Benedict's team claimed that two of their runners were out of the race on account of injuries. Charley McCraith navigated the distance so fast, in an attempt to keep up with the Central bunch, that his knee is in plaster of paris. If alibis were victories, the Saints would be champions of this old world, and of the next one, too.

See what the boys
in the back want---

R. PAUL MOFFITT
ERNEST W. PORTER, Jr.

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THE PIVOT

Did as He Was Told

The class was seated ready for recitation, when a young student rushed in and dropped a great pile of books on the floor. The nervous teacher jumped and then said angrily:

"Young man, go down to the principal's office and drop those books just like that!"

The youth departed, returning in a few moments and calmly taking his seat in class.

"Did you do as I told you to?" demanded the irate teacher.

"Yes, sir."

"What did the principal say?"

"Nothing," coolly returned the student. "He wasn't there."

Got 'Em the First Time

"Willie Johnson," asked the teacher in the I-B class, "what three words are used most among I-B students?"

"I don't know," said the student.

"Correct," replied the teacher.

Sing a song of movies,
Pocket full of dough;
Four and twenty theaters
Sitting in a row.
When the doors are opened
The cash begins to ring;
The man that runs a movie show
Is richer than a king.

Lives of scholars all remind us
That their days are not sublime;
For they have to get up early
Just to get to school on time.

Then at last when day is over,
They have lessons for their toil,
And they give their hard-earned pennies
To enriching Standard Oil.

Prof.—"I don't want to hear that laughter again."
A smothered laugh from the rear of the room. "Who was that?" angrily.

Alice Gibbs (trembling)—"I—I, sir. But I only laughed up my sleeve. You wouldn't have heard it if there hadn't been a hole in it."

Heard in the Music Room

Lifschutz—"Say, let me sing a solo."

Stein—"How can you say so? Wait until eggs get cheaper."

A Compliment

Mae Goodstein—"We can't have a mass meeting. Fannie Baer isn't here."

The crying need for certain pupils is a set of ready-made late-excuses. Much precious brain-power is wasted in inventing these accessories of school life.

Wanted to See it Work

As a reward for good conduct Johnny was taken to the zoo by his mother. Just before starting, Johnny One Bee and his aunt Mary had a decided difference of opinion as to what did or did not constitute clean ears and a clean neck.

Arriving at the zoo they soon came across a curious-looking animal.

"What's that?" asked Johnny One Bee.

"That's an anteater, dear," said his mother.

A determined look came over Johnny's face.

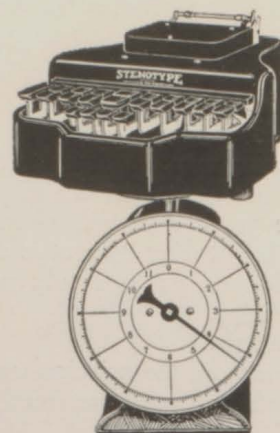
"Say, mummy," he said, "tomorrow let's bring Aunt Mary out here."



The world is old, yet likes to laugh;
New jokes are hard to find.
The funniest pivotickle staff
Must needs at times be blind.

So if you meet some ancient joke
Decked out in modern guise,
Don't frown and call the thing a fake—
Just laugh; be not too wise.

The "Master Model" STENOTYPE Is Here



But it's smaller, lighter—weighs only $4\frac{1}{4}$ pounds—is more compact, more convenient, writes—prints—actual numerals, and neatly folds the paper in convenient strips of eight inches.

These are the new features of the Stenotype. The keyboard, with a single minor exception, remains unchanged. The same speed, the same accuracy, the same legibility, is there. There are no extra keys for numerals. The writing of numerals—the physical operation—is precisely as before. Instead of combinations, actual numerals are printed. Those who learned Stenotypy on the earlier models will therefore be able to operate the Master Model just as readily as they now operate the machines on which they learned to write.

Tips the Scales at
 $4\frac{1}{4}$ lbs.

Stenotypy Successful Everywhere

Stenotypists have achieved remarkable success in every field open to stenographers. Miss Fannie Schoenfeld, who won the gold medal in the 200 words a minute test at the National Shorthand Reporters Association contest at Atlantic City, N. J., August 26, 1914, conducts the Master Reporting Service of New York, which has branch offices in Chicago and Indianapolis. Miss Annie Simmons of Waltham, Mass., is having splendid success as a public reporter in that city. Ralph W. Tripp of Roxbury Crossing, Mass., secured an appointment to a Civil Service position above all others from his class at an initial salary of \$1000 a year. Mr. James B. Kerrigan of Boston, easily passed the Civil Service test and was appointed to a position in the Department of Agriculture at a salary of \$1200 a year. Miss Julia Pinkney of New York City, takes dictation in German as easily and accurately as though it were English. With Stenotypy as a stepping stone Mr. M. J. Mann has secured the enviable position of salesman with the Knox Motors Associates of New York City. These are no exceptions, their stories are merely a repetition of the success attained with Stenotypy by thousands of other young people.

Thousands of
bright young
people are earn-
ing their way
successward on
the STENOTYPE
"The Fastest
Writing Machine
in the World."

Thus Are Greater Opportunities Open To YOU

More than 30,000 Stenotypes are in actual daily use in every field open to stenographers. Yet there are hundreds of splendid positions fairly begging for Stenotypists.

The Master Model answers every need—fulfills every requirement. More than ever now will business men welcome the higher individual and departmental efficiency of the Stenotype. More than ever, Stenotypy offers greater opportunities to those who aspire to higher positions in business, in Civil Service or in court reporting.

You are now about to pick the courses of study for your next semester. Get in line for a bigger, better-paying position, with Stenotypy. Take advantage of the opportunity that exists for you right in your own school. Your future is what you make it. Set an aim—an ambition. Arouse your determination and ACT.

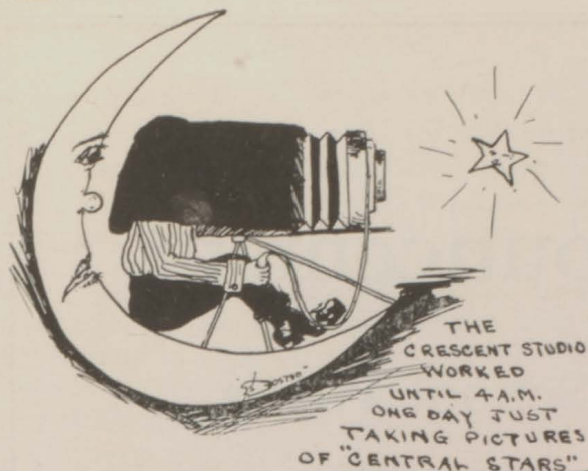
LEARN STENOTYPY, and qualify yourself at the start for a higher salary than many stenographers with several years' experience are earning today.

Enroll this Se-
mester for a
course in
Stenotypy

The STENOTYPE COMPANY

INDIANAPOLIS, U. S. A.

THE PIVOT



A slight twinge of conscience, and the fact that THE PIVOT and Pansy Moffitt are good friends, prompts the former to remark that the picture of the latter in disguise on page — is only a joke and to be treated as such. It is the opinion of THE PIVOT that Paul should have been elected best dressed boy in the class anyhow. No hard feelings, are there, Paul?

Just our way of showing our appreciation of the good work done by Mr. Okin, of the Crescent studio at 827 Broad street. Many were the happy hours we spent in his spacious rooms, and it is due to his good work that the photography in THE PIVOT is so excellent.

WHEN YOU ARE THROUGH SCHOOL

ARE YOU GOING INTO BUSINESS?

If so you should consider the opportunities offered in Accountancy and Business Administration. **THE NEWARK SCHOOL OF ACCOUNTANCY** (Newark Y. M. C. A.) will send you its 30 page catalogue.

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To Central High School Pupils



If you are a student at the Central High School and wish artistic photographs taken of yourself, you may obtain a special card entitling you to a discount of $33\frac{1}{3}\%$ at the Crescent Studio, 827 Broad Street. No deposit will be required of students holding these tickets. Proofs will be furnished free of charge. Photographs need not be paid for unless perfectly satisfactory, and you are to be the judge. Tickets may be obtained at The Pivot Office or at the Crescent Studio at any time, and should be countersigned by Harry Schaub, Business Manager of The Pivot.

This offer holds good for a limited time. Get your ticket to-day.

The Crescent Studio

827 Broad Street

THE PIVOT

More "Walt Mason"

Four years we've had of work and fun. In Central's halls our spurs we've won, and now we speed to life's real fight, to use our knowledge for the Right. But in our haste to leave we won't forget the teachers who said, "Don't!" when we did wrong. 'Twas often so, as they and you and I well know. And now we thank them heartily, though then we may have cried, "Dear me!" For patience kind and lessons true, for guidance wise and teaching, too, we thank you, teachers, who have taught that wrongs and evils should be fought.

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How Do They Do It?

How do they do it? Mof-fitt was elected the second best-dressed boy in his class. There was only one thing in the world which kept him from getting first place, and that was his clothes. From the picture reproduced here it is very hard to see how he was nominated at all, unless in a joke. We don't want to be too hard, but yet—how do they do it?



No chestnuts here!
Our new suits and overcoats for men and boys vouch for that.
New models! New fabrics!

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THE PIVOT

(Continued from page 48)

applause. The dance following was the "Golden Butterfly" by Rose Duffy, and last, but not least, comes our little Olive Heppa in "Pavlowa's Minuet." This also was a toe-dance and the performer completely captivated the audience by her quaintness and grace.

This completed the program and no praise is too great for Miss French and Miss Quinn, because it was due to their untiring efforts that the exhibition was a success. To Mrs. Dixon and to Bella Sabel, who so willingly gave their aid, the girls also wish to express their sincere appreciation.

Where do you Eat?

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"Clean, Wholesome and Home-like" is our motto. Prices right — food good.

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at the store of

MILDRED RYNONE

(a 3A Student at Central)

SUMMIT ST.,

Opp. the Rear Entrance

THE PIVOT

(Continued from page 51)

soon as he is found again.

No matter how high the cost of living goes, exams continue to be marked down at every semi-yearly sale. But that doesn't do any good. Harry Thaw was about the only person who lived on examinations. He didn't have to go to school to make his mark in the world. The newspapers did it for him.

Pretty hard to put the blame for examinations on the war. If it would drive the cost of paper out of reach so that we didn't have to take them, almost every student would send money to the belligerents for the continuance of the conflict.

In an important trial, personal animosity is sufficient excuse to get out of the thing. When you stop to think that this is our feeling toward examinations, which are very important trials—both meanings—you are ready to excuse us from exams. It's up to the teachers!

Who's Who in Central

Biggest flirt Henderson
Most dignified Navatier
Worst Fusser Bolles
IT Any Senior

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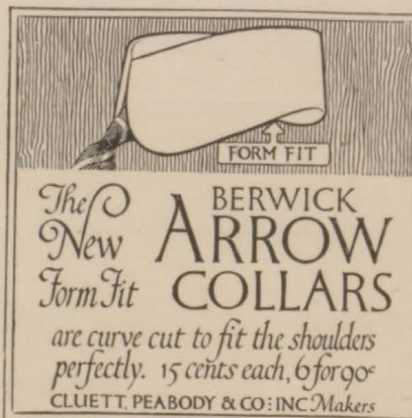
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